

**THE HARD ROCK MINERS
GET RICH QUICK**

DISCORD

**AUDHONEY
OLIVE BARNER
PUBLIC ENEMY**

THAT MAGAZINE FROM C1TR 101.9FM NOVEMBER 1991 • free

Lunatic Fringe Presents A lesson in Grammar.

Fuck is perhaps one of the most interesting words in the English language.
Fuck is one magical word which just by its sound can describe pleasure, pain, hate and love.

Fuck comes from the German word "FRIKON".

In language, "fuck" falls into many grammatical categories. "Fuck" can be used as a verb, both transitive (*I fucked the system*), and intransitive (*The system was fucked by me*). It can be used as an active verb (*he really gives a fuck*) or a passive verb (*she really doesn't give a fuck*), as an adverb (*she is fucking interested in him*) and a noun (*he is a real fuck-up*). As well, "fuck" can be used as an adjective (*I am fucking beautiful*). As you can see, there is a whole lot of real versatility with the word "fuck". It pops up everywhere.

Besides its sexual connotation, this lovely word can be used to describe many situations:

Fraud - *I got fucked by that crook.*
Trouble - *I'm fucked now.*
Aggression - *Fuck you!*
Philosophy - *Who gives a fuck?*
Numerology - *Sixty-fucking-nine.*
Displeasure - *What the fuck's going on?*
To Tell Time - *It's six-fucking-thirty.*
A Political Statement - *Fuck Mulrone!*
All Encompassing - *Fuck 'em all!*
A Poker Hand - *A Royal Fuck*
As An Acceptance - *Fuckin' A!*



Dismay - *Oh, fuck it!*
Confusion - *What the fuck?*
Despair - *Fucked again!*
Incompetence - *He's a real fuck-off.*
Rebellion - *Fuck it!*
Descriptive analogy - *He's a fucking asshole!*
As A Prediction - *Well, I'll be fucked!*
A Put-Down - *fuck off, buster!*
Law Enforcement - *Fuck tha' police!*
To Start a Relationship - *Let's fuck now!*
Enjoyment - *Fuckin' wow!*

A Closing - *Fuckingly yours.*

Use fuck in your daily speech proudly fuck adds prestige to any conversation. Put this colorful four letter word to work for you; today, tell someone you know "fuck you" or Let's fuck".

to be continued ...



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DISCORDER

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COVER

This month's cover of a Hard Rock circle comes to you courtesy of Lincoln Clarkes.

OFFICE USE ONLY

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PRINTED IN CANADA

I REALIZE BY SAYING THIS THAT I'M GOING TO OFFEND AT LEAST TWO OR THREE OF MY FRIENDS BUT THESE THINGS HAVE TO BE DONE FROM TIME TO TIME. IT'S PRETTY HARD TO BE COOL RIDING A SPORTSTER. YOU KNOW ONE OF THOSE MINI BIKE TYPE HARLEY DAVIDSON'S, MUCH IN THE SAME WAY THAT'S IT'S HARD TO BE HIP DRIVING YOUR DAD'S OLDSMOBILE FOUR DOOR TO SCHOOL; YOU LOOK LIKE A WAD. NO SHIT CERTAIN THINGS DO NOT MESH. MYSELF HAVE FALLEN VICTIM TO THIS VERY SORT OF THING. I KNOW I COULD KNOCK YOU OVER WITH A FEATHER. I USED TO DRIVE A MAZDA GLC AROUND IN HIGH SCHOOL. LONG BEFORE THEY BECAME SORT OF SPORTY AND THERE WAS NO ACTION TO BE HAD. AND BACK TO THIS HARLEY THING YOU KNOW IF YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND THAT TYPE OF MONEY ON A MAJOR BIKE WHY NOT GO WHOLE HOG. SPEND A COUPLE OF GRAND AND YOU WON'T LOOK LIKE A PUTZ. A LOT OF PEOPLE REGARD THE SPORTSTER AS A GIRL'S BIKE BUT I DON'T REALLY BUY THAT. I USED TO WORK A BIKER BAR AS A DOORMAN AND VERY FEW OF THOSE WOMEN EVER ROLLED UP IN A SPORTSTER. NOPE, THEY JUST AIN'T THE REAL THING. I MEAN WHY BUY RC COLA IF YOU CAN GET COKE OR PEPSI? AND I REALLY DOUBT THAT YOU LIKE CRAIG MONT BETTER THAN THE REAL THING. SPEND SOME CABBAGE. YOU'LL BE SO MUCH HAPPIER. OKAY, SO WHAT'S THE POINT? NO POINT. MAN JUST SHOOTING THE SHIT AS USUAL. AND WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE OVERALLS WITH ONLY ONE SUSPENDER DONE UP AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE. THE DORKS WHO USED TO WEAR THEIR BASEBALL HATS BACKWARDS, THE ONES WHO KNOW DICK ABOUT SPORTS, WELL THESE ONE SUSPENDER WALLS WILL FOLLOW THEIR LEAD AND WILL QUICKLY FIGURE OUT THAT THEY AREN'T THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL AIR. SO HERES TO A NEW HOCKEY SEASON AND THE HOPES THAT BOB PROBERT WILL BE ALLOWED TO TRAVEL FREELY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA WITHOUT FEAR OF A DEPORTATION ORDER. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. I SUCK AND YOU RULE. WELL YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT.

GTH

PARTYNAKED OR CLOTHED USE YOUR IMAGINATION



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TUES. NOV. 26

DOORS

8:00

SHOW

10:30



HEY! BOO-BOO!!!

For this one month only we present the entirely tabloid "Pull-Out" *Discorder*. If, in the past, you have found the "Lifestyle" articles to get in the way of your enjoyment of the "Music" articles in *Discorder*, rejoice. For now you can pull out those damn "Lifestyle" bits. And, if music is not to your liking, you can pull out the music related articles, leaving you with only the choice counter-cultural perspective pieces. So, turn the page and let the pulling begin.

Due to some recent renovations in Vancouver Special, the column will not appear this month. However, beginning next month, Redd McLann and Coral Short will be providing you with all the important local demos, releases, music gossip, and gig reviews. Another programming note: usually at this point in the magazine you would be reading one of many fine letters sent to the magazine. Unfortunately we don't have any letters to print in Airhead, so, instead...

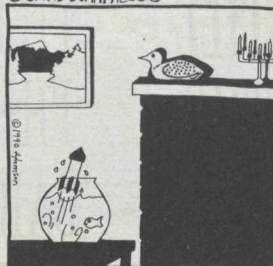
Here at *Discorder*, we apologize for printing what many people, quite rightly, found an offensive, sexist advertisement. Due to an error in our process, which has since been corrected, an ad was put in the magazine without being subjected to the usual scrutiny. Unfortunately the damage has already been done. Yet again, women have been portrayed as powerless objects to be exploited by men. And now *Discorder* has been caught in the web of the male hegemony that continues to methodically marginalize and subjugate those who are not male.

Perhaps the most troubling aspect arising from this incident was the lack of negative response from our readership. Although we received a few internal complaints from people involved in *Discorder*, primarily writers, we only received one telephone call from a concerned reader. Apparently, people are content to allow the media and advertisers to continue their sexist traditions—not willing to make them accountable for their stereo-typing.

To insure that a similar incident does not occur again, a few things have changed at *Discorder*: the editors will pre-screen all ads, the advertising reps will have greater discretion in refusing ads, and all have shared a greater awareness as to the subtle and overt forms that sexism can take within the media.

Oh, yeah, while we are apologizing...our apologies go out to Scooter, whose name did not appear with his Big Drill Car interview, and Mark Kleiner, whose name did appear alongside his Strawberry Alarm Clock article but was illegible.

©STUPID DUMMY HEADS©



HOW TO READ YOUR

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BORED DISINTEREST...



READING NOTHING, UNLESS IT
PERTAINS TO YOUR NAME...



AND THEN.. **DISCARD!!!**



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BIBLICAL PROOF!

**LORD OF
LORDS!**

SCRIPTURAL PROOF!



*1991

SCIENTIFIC FACT! SCIEN-TERRIFFIC FACT!!! SCIENCE PROVEN!

FOR FREE STICKERS OF THIS AD SEND A S.A.S.E.

NOVEMBER 5

TILL THE BARS BREAK

A compilation of Black and North American Indian resistance, words and music including Jeannette Armstrong, the Beatnigs, Rebecca Bellmore, Chuck D, The Fire Next Time, Che Guevara, Greg Young-Ing, Henry Kaiser, Mad Professor, Ahdri Zhina Mandiela, Don Paul, Seventh Fire, the Suspect Many, Benjamin Zephaniah



A potent message delivered with maximum impact.... a rare and forceful confluence of words and music.

College Music Journal JACKPOT!

For sounds that are great with words that illuminate, get *Till The Bars Break*. ... It's one of the most powerful and impressive recordings I've heard this year.

Jonathan E., BAM Magazine



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a recording by
SHADOWY MEN
ON A
SHADOWY PLANET
entitled
**DIM THE LIGHTS,
CHILL THE HAM**

Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet brush up a bright new release of twenty three gleaming instrumentals for the masses. Having wowed millions (ok...thousands) with last year's "Savvy Show Stoppers", they return in fine form with "Dim The Lights, Chill The Ham".

Available in all modern formats.

CARGO RECORDS
keeps you smiling...



Lifestyles

Get Rich Quick p.L5

ROBSON ST. 90210

Sub-Culture p.L8

Arts p.L6/7

Live With Vancouver's Rodeo Drive

by Lee-Ann Hooker

Now, before I start spewing off about all the aspects of Robson St. that nauseate me, just let me say that even I must admit it adds some much needed style to an otherwise aesthetically void part of town. After all, as culturally hip as the West End is, it is also viewed by many outsiders as a bit of an eyesore.

Having said that, then, here are some points I find especially exasperating about "The Rodeo Drive of Vancouver..."

1) Robson St. Clothing Store Clerks

I sometimes feel as though I bring this unnecessary aggravation on myself. After all, it's not as if I can afford any of the clothes in these shops, save for maybe a pair of socks from the Sock Drawer, so why go in? Whenever I do, I'm greeted by some toothy Barbie doll salesgirl who reeks of Eternity cologne. She grins as if she's about to burst a blood vessel, and says something cute like "Hi! How are you today?" Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing against being friendly, but does this girl really care how I am? I doubt it. More likely, she is debating whether to go to Earl's on Top or The Cactus Club for lunch, and wondering how much sales commission she can squeeze out of me today. I answer this last question for her; I walk out.

2) Friday Night Pre-Pubescent 'Vogue'-ing
This spectacle occurs when throngs of teens, too young to get into the bars gather on Robson in their Guess jeans and Raider's gear and compete for the coveted title of "Best Dressed Poser." My friends and I have a theory that a lucrative career could be had by bootlegging for these kids. Not to mention the endless hours of fun we could spend watching them get drunk off of one cooler and puke all over those designer labels.

3) The Robson St. Bus

I figure that I could be completely lame in both legs, crawl down Robson from Granville St., and still make it to Starbucks' Coffee before that damn bus would. Forget public transit; there should be a chartered flight service for this route.

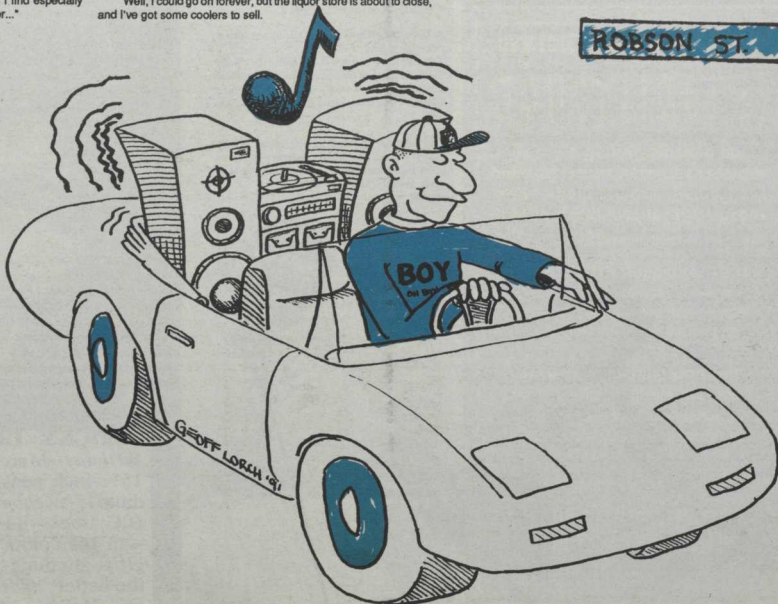
4) The Weekend Battle of the Boomboxes

I can think of nothing more pleasant than falling asleep only to be awakened at three in the morning by C & C Music Factory blaring out of a Mazda Miata parked just outside my apartment. I mean, if you're going to disturb the peace, at least be tasteful in your choice of music.

5) Robson Rent-A-Cops

It's really no wonder these traffic cops have such inflated egos. Wouldn't you if you got to stand in the midst of traffic wielding a glowing orange wand, performing the duties that regular cops couldn't be bothered with?

Well, I could go on forever, but the liquor store is about to close, and I've got some coolers to sell.



Micky Dolenz pictures courtesy of Mark Kleiner



Nardwuar: Who are you?
Don't you know? Why are you interviewing me if you don't know?

Oh well, just for the people out there that wouldn't know.
Ah, my name is Micky Dolenz. What's yours?

My name is Nardwuar.
Hi Nardwuar, how are you?

O.K....Now Micky you were involved in that famous rock'n'roll group, right?
Yes, that's true. Actually, it was a television show about a rock'n'roll group.

It has been said you don't want to be known as a Monkee anymore, is that a valid statement?
No, it's not. I'm not in the group anymore but I'm very proud of what I did and I had a great time and it was very successful. I'm solo now.

And you're here in Vancouver, B.C., shooting a fun game show called, *Crazy Talk*?
Ah, no, *Acting Crazy*. It's basically just charades.

Is that the main reason you're in Vancouver?
Yeah, I came out just to do the show.

Have ya ever done game shows before?
Not many, but I like charades. It's a good game. You gotta be quite bright.

Mr. Monkey Man: Micky Dolenz

by Nardwuar the Human Serviette

How do you feel that you fit this role. Why did they ask you, Micky?
Cause I'm a celebrity.

A rawk'n'roll celebrity?
Depends on your point of view I suppose. Some would say yes. Some would say television celebrity.

Me being from Vancouver, B.C., Canada, how come I don't know a hell of a lot about the Monkees? Were they syndicated in Canada?
I have no idea, but it's probably just because you're too young. But when you grow up, maybe you'll learn.

Did you quit the Monkees?
Yeah, I went solo about two years ago.

And before that, when the initial Monkees broke up, how did the group disband?
It wasn't a band. I already said this once.

Sorry.
Listen carefully now. It was a television show about a band. So, when the show went off the air, the SHOW went off the air. It's like Leonard Nimoy and William Shatner didn't hang around together, you know, after beaming each other up.

What happened next, did ya forge new ground in movies?
I became a film and television director.

What stuff can people see that you have done?
Nothing really here, I was working in England—exclusively in England for fifteen years.

On Monty Python material?
I worked with some of the guys from Monty Python. I didn't work on that particular show but I worked with Mike Palin and Terry Jones.

Does the name Linda Lovelace bring any memories back to you, Micky?
Yeah, we did a movie with Linda Lovelace in the seventies. It was an attempt to try and legitimize her as a comedienne. It wasn't a porno film, it was a comedy. There were quite a few comedians in the film.

Was this a daring movie for you, Micky Dolenz, a television and screen star to partake in. I mean being seen with Linda Lovelace! Did people react harshly to your exciting scenes?

No, cause the movie (*Linda Lovelace For President*) didn't do that well...it was quite funny. It was an attempt to make a comedian out of her.

Has jealousy ever played a part in your life?
No.

You've never been jealous about movies or parts you've missed, like for example not being cast as the "Fonz" in *Happy Days*. What's the story behind that?

I was up for it as an actor, to play the part of the Fonz, but Henry Winkler was excellent casting for that I think. I would have cast Henry instead of myself if I was the producer.

Did you even know he was auditioning or was it a totally different time.
No, it happened to be exactly the same day. He says he remembers meeting me but I don't remember meeting him.

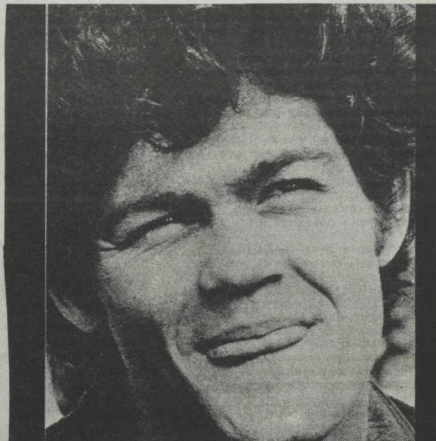
Before *The Monkees* did not Micky Dolenz have a real live TV Show?
Yeah, I did a series when I was a kid called *Circus Boy*.

Has that aired recently, or are there any plans for it on home video?
No, I dunno why. I suppose they must have a problem with the rights or something because they haven't put the show back on the air.

Did you come from a family of established artists? Vaudeville entertainers?
Artists, not artists. You talk funny.

I talk Canadian—it's the land of Clam Chowder and ice!
Artists?!? Yeah, my father was an actor.

Who were the Missing Links?
That was my band before the Monkees.



MICKY DOLENZ (MONKEES):
Birthday—March 8; *hat*—7½; *shirt*—15½-inch neck/32-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater*—42 (or Large); *shoe*—10C; *socks*—11; *ring*—9; *favorite colors*—all the colors in the rainbow; *favorite gifts*—anything that's goofy, the zanier the better; *address*—1334 N. Beechwood Dr., Hollywood, Calif.



"HIPPIE" MICKY

Dear Micky,

I read in a blah magazine that you aren't getting along with the other guys because they think you act too much like a "hippie."

Gail Feldman
Santa Rosa, Calif.

* Dear Gail,

False! The word "hippie" means a lot of different things to a lot of different people. We Monkees don't consider ourselves hippies at all. We do-and that means all of us-like far-out clothes, Indian beads, etc. We don't feel the least bit competitive and, as a matter of fact, we Monkees are always making presents of these clothes and trinkets to one another.

Micky

Could they be classified as a 60's walling punk garage band, à la The Standells?

Yeah, we were a bar band. We did Top 40. Yeah, just a rock'n'roll band.

What ever happened to the other members of the Missing Links? Have you kept up with them?

Naw, haven't talked to them in years and years. It's been a long, long time.

What, if anything, did the Links put out?

We abhh... I had one record out but it wasn't with the Missing Links. Yeah, I had one or two records out as a solo artist before the Monkees.

You've heard of the Plaster Casters, eh?

Yeah, those two girls in the sixties that used to go around taking plaster casts.

"Moldings."

That's true.

So that is a true rumor?

Naw...it's a contradiction in terms son. Get your grammar right.

What would you like to be known as nowadays?

Oh, the singing director probably.

Recently Operation Desert Storm caused a lot of commotion. Any feelings regarding the Gulf Crisis Mr. Dolenz?

Well, I wasn't a big fan of old Saddam Hussein, so I don't have too many complaints. What about you?

Ugh, I was really wondering wasn't *Head*, that luxurious, that hard-hitting, that big movie that you Monkees did, sort of an anti-war film? Yeah, part of it was, yeah. It was an anti-Vietnamese war movie.

And now with the Persian Gulf War, would that mean that if the Monkees were around today, they might have made a movie like *Head*, possibly about the Gulf Crisis?

No I doubt it. There isn't much of a counterculture today.

Do you feel you would have still made *Head* if you felt the way you do now? In other words, have rock'n'rollers gotten more conservative, like Jerry Lee Lewis wearing ties nowadays, and not being with 16 year old girls...

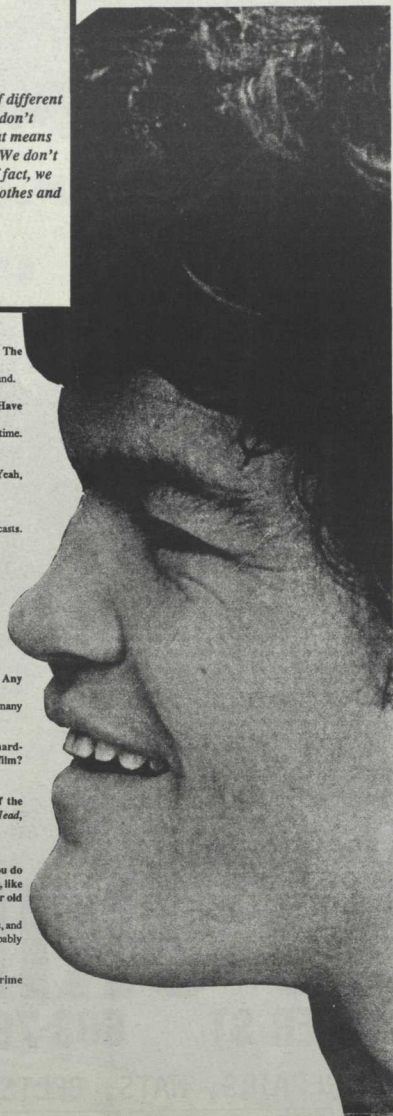
No, I think you have to take each case in point. The Vietnamese war was, and I still believe, and most people do, unjustified. The Persian Gulf probably was.

(Pause) And, finally, thanks for the time, do you know who the Prime Minister of Canada is?

Afraid not.

Later Micky!

Goodbye.



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Call Anthony at 822-3017 for more info.

IT'S A HANDY CLIP-N-SAVE REMINDER...

advertisers!

Yes, it's getting close to our holiday issues here at **Discorder**, and to help out our clients, here are the deadlines for the upcoming months:

Issue # 107 - December 1991

Booking Deadline: Wednesday, November 13

Artwork Deadline: Friday, November 15

"Street Date": Thursday, November 21

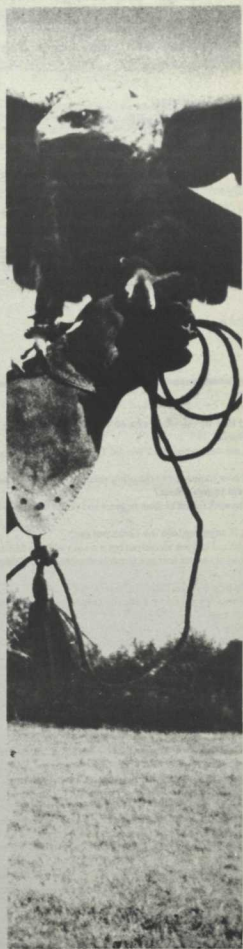
Issue #108 - January 1992

Booking Deadline: Wednesday, December 11

Artwork Deadline: Friday, December 13

"Street Date": Thursday, December 19

got any questions?
you can call anthony at
CiTR @ 822-3017.
Thanks!



2ND SKIN

432 HOMER ST

683-7607

CLOTHES, LEATHER REPAIRS, HATS, BELTS, COOL STUFF

MUSIC

Alice Donut p.M6 Hard Rock Miners p.M10/11

Pigface p.M8/9 Real Live Action p.16/17



THE OUTRAGEOUS

VALENTINOS



TRASH
PALACE

One thousand copy limited edition 13 song water-proof vinyl debut from everybody's favourite shithheads. The Valentinos, out now on Vancouver's latest ill-fated indie label, KOMET Records. It's the album no-one expected to be made—guitar licks stolen note for note from Steve Jones; soon to be classic anthems like **FUR**, **EVERY GOOD GIRL**, **MOVIE STAR** and **GIMME SOME ACTION**—all in a wonderfully redundant blender mix of The Spiders From Mars meet The Ramones. So steal some money from your parents and rush down to **TRACK**, **SCRATCH** or **ZILD** and **BUY IT!** It'll make you look older and all the other kids are doing it.

THE OUTRAGEOUS

VALENTINOS

"we'd change our sex
before we'd change
our music"



Maximum Blues Pub

presents the newest R&B room in town
in the HOTEL CALIFORNIA

- Nov. 1 **Jim Byrnes**
Nov. 4-9 **from Calgary Don Johnson
and House of Payne**
Nov. 11-16 **from Winnipeg Mark
Aptekman**
Nov. 18-21 **Sundogs**
Nov. 22-23 **Dutch Mason with Drew
Nelson Band**
Nov. 25-30 **Gary Stephens Band**

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1176 GRANVILLE 688-8701

listen

Wednesday the 47th
Vancouver
Community Gamelan

Eyal Mada: Sari
Sam Salmon
Chris Miller
Mark Parlett
Matt Hagsheli

Thursday the 48th
Electro-Acoustic-
Interdisciplinary

Susan Fryberg
Susan Main
Jerome Jarvis
James Walker
Eddie Peach
Bernie Copeland
Anthony Roberts

Friday the 49th
Contemporary
Chamber

Robert Dyck
Sherryly Fritz
Steve Berger
Eddie Peach
Mark Armandini
John Cole
Border Mountain Willie

Saturday the 50th
Unsafe Sex

Greg Higgs
Ingridine Leggatt
Mark Douglas
Edwin Dolinski
Coat Cooke
Matt Hagsheli
Francis Hodge

vancouver pro musica presents

Sonic boom!

festival for composers

november 27

28
29
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mike victory

I first became aware of Mike Victory through his work, under the moniker of Sect, on the Vancouver Spiral Records compilation, *Sound Generator*, and found it to be refreshingly original "industrial" music. I finally met Mike at the Front Line Assembly show where he opened with Steve Rosin, whom he collaborates with. I was very impressed and decided to get the word out about this shy, but very talented, keyboard-meister.

How long have you actually been doing music?
Mike Victory: Since the spring of '89.

What made you start doing this type of music?
I was a pretty hardcore fan of industrial music for a long time, well, for four years. I had bought and listened to everything. I was a real supporter. I got to the point where I knew it really well, the style. And I thought it's too bad there isn't more of it to get more of it available. So I thought I'd like to start playing around a bit and start experimenting. The first thing I did get was some guitar effect pedals. I rented and borrowed them and I just hooked them all up to a microphone and this little drum machine...and just processed the hell out of really wimpy machines and it sounded alright. It still is a bit wimpy, but mainly it started just for myself, so I could just play around and actively do something 'cause mu-

sic was something I had never gotten into. I just didn't have any talent or ambition to be a musician. I just got into it because my friends had the machinery and were willing to lend it to me. Since I've been little I've always been drawing and doing graphics and stuff like that. I started to slow down when I was 16 or 17, not that I got fed up with it, but I taken it as far as it would go. I figured if I could do graphics, why not do music! It sort of grew. My limited success was purely by accident: like luck and accident. I was just in the right place at the right time.

So you got onto Spiral Records by accident?
Yeah, I went into Colourbox (a hair salon), where Curtis (Berzosa) used to work, to get my hair done (chuckle). I started talking to him and I found out he was doing (recording). I told him I was playing around and he told me to bring 'round a tape, and he liked it! That's how it started.

What's the distribution of Spiral like?
It's getting better. We have distribution through Chicago, I think through Silent records, and we have distribution in Holland. *Sound Generator* did pretty well for a limited release, considering it was a sort of a freebie introduction of everybody on the label. It got sent out as a promo record to college radio stations throughout Canada and into some of the States as well. When it was in its prime, some of the songs

did get to number one. The big radio station in Toronto played it a lot. I don't know if you know, but the tour was cancelled (the Spiral Records cross-Canada showcase tour that was to include Sect) because there wasn't enough money, due to the recession. It was basically because Emily (Fayna) and I couldn't come up with the money by the end of the month.

What about just playing here?
We'll do that in the fall...maybe in a month, or so—I might just show a video. It seems like the last show I did with Steve (Rosin) went pretty good. I think people were there for Front Line (Assembly) anyway, so that was a pretty good audience for that type of music...I'd like to concentrate on setting up my own studio and get a lot of material recorded and get releases out there. That's the main thing, getting money to get material out to the public so you can get your name out a little bit more.

What kind of style(s) would you call your music?
The first would be the more percussive based, the second would be the pure noise/barrage and the third would be the more ambient, heavy echo sound scapes that are not so abrasive. I find that noise can be more easily adapted to the rhythm than the ambient, but I'd like to move into, not dance music, but more techno-based. Once I have that, then introduce the more ambient into it—have sort of ambient

PAT WRIGHT & THE TOTAL EXPERIENCE CHOIR

by Dave Langille

When I left Nova Scotia to come here to study I knew I was leaving behind my access to real live gospel music. There'd be no North Preston Community Choir, Gospellers, or Four the Moment. Little did I know that here, in white bread Vancouver, I'd get to see the Total Experience Gospel Choir: from Seattle, they perform a lot in Vancouver, as they did in September at UBC. After the concert, I talked with director, Pat Wright.

DISCORDER: Pat, I'm interested to know where you're from and your roots in gospel.

PAT WRIGHT: I'm from a little town in Texas, Carlsburg. It's about twenty miles from the Louisiana line and I grew up the daughter of a Baptist pastor. So I kind of had no choice than to what I'm doing and I'm glad, very glad.

What are your influences in gospel? Who did you listen to growing up?

I don't listen to anybody, to tell you the truth. What we do come from my own childhood experiences. A lot of the music we sing is probably a lot of

selections that I learned when I was a little girl, just brought up to date. When I was growing up in Texas there wasn't a lot of black music on the radio at that time. I'm 47 years old and there weren't any black stations to speak of, so there wasn't that much exposure to black gospel. I knew it existed, from time to time we were able to go someplace, pick up some and learn the music that way. So because it wasn't that readily available, I've learned more probably in the last 25 years of my life than I learned in the first 25.

You've had a lot of experiences, things have changed in the southern states. In that time, how does that reflect in your music?

I'm part of the struggle, that's for sure. I marched in the '60's, I was in college at that time. And, of course, being raised in Texas, I know what racism is first hand. But I must say that it's more here in the North than it was in the South because at that point, and still now today, whites in the south are quite forward about the way they feel and in the north it's very subtle, it sneaks up on you before you know it happens to you. The next thing you know, BAM!! it hits you.

Tell me a bit of the Choir's history.

It started in 1973 as a class at a high school. The schools in Washington are funded by levies and it became a very popular item among white students and took away a lot of students from the high school choir. A lot of people in the school at the time didn't like the fact that so many white kids were getting involved in the choir. So when the levy failed that year, in 1975, they saw that as an opportunity not to hire me back. So I took it from the school and went to the church with it and we've been with the church ever since.

That's amazing. Tonight was a benefit for African Relief and I noticed that you blended your music between both pure gospel songs and songs about co-operation and working together. To what extent do you contain social messages in your music?

We do a lot of songs with a social message because, you see, we ARE the people. If we can't reach you one way, then we'll hit you across the head the other way. Either way

you come we try to find something that will speak to the hearts of everybody in the audience, whether its message music or gospel.

Is there much of a gospel scene happening in Seattle?

Not like it used to be. I used to be on the radio; I was on for ten years as a gospel announcer. Gospel never really caught on in Washington. We're sort of behind. I think you're doing pretty good up here in Canada. We in Washington, and particularly in Seattle, we don't get a whole lot of "gospel" gospel music, its a whole lot of contemporary gospel music. Crossover music, I guess you'd call it. So kids are not learning what our roots really are and I try to keep them interested. It's important that we know our roots, but we're not getting much of that these days.

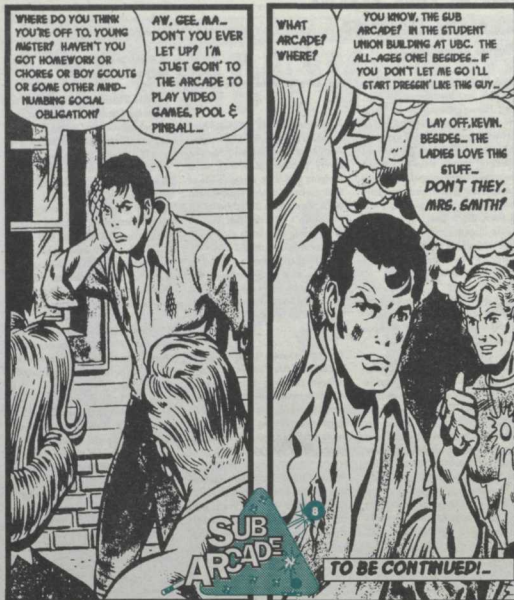
I notice you do a few spirituals, you throw in some jubilees and things. The influence of people like the Winans, is that a good thing or a bad thing?

It's good for them, they're making money at it. These people are people I like by the Winans. I don't fault them for what they're trying to do, they're making it, and I'm not really making a living at gospel. I have to do other things to make a living, but that's their way of doing it and I say God bless them, but it doesn't fit my style.



long as I'm doing something creative with myself I'm happy. When I didn't have anything to do or any work, I got mad. I have to have an outlet. I started basically because I had no money, that's why I started small. I still have my first tape loop: actually an old commercial tape I cut up, tore apart and taped back together again. I would tape a sound on a tape loop, then have that tape (and) dub it onto another tape, so that the other would just have that loop going on and on and on. Then I would record a different sound and put it on a different tape. Then I would play all these tapes of these tape loop recordings on cassette decks and move a microphone around between the tape decks. So I started out really low-tech. There's something about lesser technology that has certain characteristics and warmth that extreme technology doesn't have. Plus, having less sophisticated technology forces you to be more creative, as you don't have all the pre-arranged programmes that take care of any innovative ideas for you, like pre-designed writing techniques and stuff. Software is great for helping you if it's doing the same lines as what you're doing. But if you're programming to fit your stuff into certain parameters it can get cold.

June Scudeler



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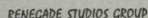
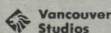
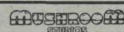
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PUBLIC ENEMY

BY TARA SLOAN

It was November 24, 1991, a Thursday, and the evening awaited by many: The Public Enemy/Anthrax/Young Black Teenagers/Primus concert, held at the P.N.E. Forum.

After much confusion at the CITR headquarters word was out that the interview with Chuck D of Public Enemy was cancelled. But for some reason I threw my questions, written the night before, in my back pocket and headed out to the show. The bus ride down gave me time to think if it would be worth rushing to the front of the stage, seeing as no interview was in check. Yes, it was confirmed, I would send myself into that crowd and face the sore achin' muscles the next day.

Needless to say I only made it through YBT and PRIMUS and then decided to forget it! I was front-center, front-left, front-right, back, forward.... The crowd consisted of alternative-looking people: head-bangers who were definitely thrashing themselves around and the rap crowd. Picture this: General Admission, not a good idea. Herded in like cattle the audience went wild!

Chuck D came on, he was the third of four acts, and spoke out against the Canadian Government because of his humorous partner-in-rhyme, Flavor Flav, had not been permitted to pass the border into Canada. This was because of the charges laid on Flavor for an incident that occurred between him and his wife. I was personal but, of course, the media got hold of some incorrect information, exploited Flavor Flav in an extreme negative light, and shattered many fans' hopes of seeing this crazy-hype individual. Nevertheless, the show went on and Chuck D kicked his rhymes. Terminator X pumped his fist now and then as he DJ'd away behind the great red X that had lights flashing throughout the entirety of the show. The S.W.'s did their thing and Chuck D kept comin' out strong. The crowd went into a frenzy and a few fights broke out. But there was no real problem with violence, that I could see... it was all over WAR!!

Anyways, I got back in the crowd after getting pulled out earlier on. In the process of waiting for Public Enemy to finish their stage set-up I noticed one of my friends above me on someone's shoulders. I don't know what made me turn around and look up but I did and that's all that matters because amongst the ruckus I clearly heard her say, "the interview's still on!!!" I could not believe this and I asked, "What?" She again responded,

"The interview with Chuck D, it's still on!!" Well I raced out of that crowd and thought, "Wow! If that isn't fate to just happen to see my friend, I would have never known." Next I raced around and then walked back feeling quite helpless and stressed out while I was looking for my brother who had the MIC and Tape Recorder. So, slowly, I made my way back to where the audience was, when out of nowhere, like a shining light and of course that damn fate again, stood my brother! I screamed something in his face and he then handed me the bag and explained how to use the equipment. By now I was freaking out but, still, there was another obstacle in my path that could prevent me from meeting Chuck D: I needed a backstage pass from one of the ladies at Soxy. But I didn't know what she looked like, or where she was, or where to find her! Luckily the guy who was interviewing Anthrax did know who she was because he had just got a pass from her, however, now she was gone. I asked security people, rudies and even a member of the St. John's Ambulance but none were of any help and a few were quite rude! No time for this! My head was spinning and I did not know what to do. Then I heard my name, and "There she is!!!" The pass was presented to me and my mood switched from exhaustion to excitement. For this interview I had been waiting years, and years, and years! My chances had been so slim that only fate could help me out now...and it did.

(Editor's note: Unfortunately, Flavor Flav couldn't make it to the Vancouver show because of some problems with immigration and access to Canada. The end result was, regrettably, Public Enemy's last show in Canada—solely a favor for the Anthrax boys. Despite all the difficulties involved with PE's appearance at the Forum, Chuck D was kind enough to grant *Disorder* and some mystery person who went by the initial G.J. an interview. Let's hope the brothers work it out.)

G: Tell me about the tour and what it meant to you and the importance of it.
Chuck D: The tour has meant a lot. Music is communication—about communicating with people—no matter who's doing it. As long as you get whatever perspective out that represents for all and positive

progress for the good of people, all of them.

D: Are you using the Malt Liquor company because they took a sample from you?
CD: Yes.

D: And did that make you write the "One Million Bottle Bags" lyrics?
CD: No.

D: That was for something else?
CD: I wrote "One Million Bottle Bags" before that. It was a coincidence that they used my voice so they are getting sued.

G: Why did you feel you had to write "One Million Bottle Bags"?
CD: Well, malt liquor is devastating the black community. Now people talk about stopping the violence but I know the use of that type of stuff causes a lot of violence.

D: Why doesn't Slater Southpaw, the new member in your group, appear on the cover of the new album?
CD: Because she's a limited member. She doesn't perform but she does speaking engagements.

D: How did you meet her?
CD: Doing speaking engagements at colleges. She does them too. She's always working in the community, so things happened to gel.

G: You guys encounter a lot of controversy wherever you go, and a lot of newspapers say a lot of bullshit about it, is that what the *New York Post* story song is about?
CD: Yeah.

G: Did they take aim at you deliberately or just the black community?
CD: All of the above, yes.

G: Can you give me an incident?
CD: [The] reason we wrote the song [was] cause they printed Flavor's address in there. I thought that was food.

G: After he was...
CD: After the incident that he was caught on.

D: Do you and Professor Griff keep in touch, and what do you think of his career?

CD: He lives in the same community. [Of] Course we all see each other, just that he's not working with Public Enemy. We keep in touch, yeah, "Hello, what's up? How's everything going," you know. Has the album come out here?

G: A couple days ago, yeah.
CD: On CBS Canada?

G: Yeah.
CD: Did they put the lyric sheet in there?

D: No, no lyrics.

CD: That's stupid!
[Unknown Person who barged in] You know what's stupid? They censored it. They censored "Dodge."
CD: Why?

[Unknown Person once again interrupting] I don't know, but everything else... There's no censorship in any of the other songs except that one.

CD: "Bottlebags?"
D: "Get the Fuck Outta Dodge."

CD: I did that. I didn't feel like...
you know, I think cursing is played out, so I put the censored version, but I like the bees. But they should have put the lyrics in. So how come they didn't? That's a big mistake.

D: Are there lyrics in the American version?
CD: I make sure everything is done 'cuz I take care. I'm the one that puts the package together.

D: Do you feel that some of the rappers are using the power that they've got over their audiences...
CD: No.

D: You know how there's all this cursing... I know there's the 2 Live Crew and that's all been discussed but you mentioned X-Clan and how you want to hear more X-Clan, but...
CD: I think rappers only rap what they know. If they're limited, they're only going to rap limited, you know? So are they exploiting? I don't think they even go that far.

D: What role do you think rap should play because there was an article in *Details*, and it said that Ice Cube and KRS-One are running rap. It's supposed to be all communal, and all fun and stuff like that, and he thinks that people are taking too much self-importance...

CD: Who said that, John Leland?
Just 'cuz John Leland wrote that article.

D: From *Details*. Ice-T was on the cover.
CD: Yeah, John Leland wrote it. So just cause one crackpot writes the article, you going to follow what he says of them are going to say about.

D: No, that's why I'm asking you, what role do you think it should play.
CD: I think many rappers out there express many reflections from the community. I like B.W.P. but I don't really like all the stuff they talk about. I don't think that in order to be a successful artist... see a lot of people [are] using that in order to be successful.

D: Yeah that's what I mean.
CD: It's gonna work for one and the rest of them are going to fail.

D: OK, I think it is Brand Nubian who are in the Nation of Islam—or they are following it. Do you support Blackwatch or the Nation of Islam?

CD: I support all black organizations that strive for a positive role for the community.

D: I heard you didn't, at the beginning, know much about about black history?
CD: Who told you that?

D: I think it was in some magazine. See that is why I am asking you straight. Because I heard in the beginning you didn't know or you didn't have much and then...
CD: That's bullshit.

D: So how did you start then?
CD: My mother and father.

D: They told and taught about everything? They made you read?
Did you read a lot?

CD: Yeah.
D: And when you went to school I

heard you were a cartoonist?
CD: What magazine did you read?
D: I don't know, I've read so many.

CD: And you forgot which one you read that said it?
D: No, there's so much stuff. There's so much stuff in all of them, but the thing is whether it's true or not cause every body changes everything.

CD: I don't know where you read that I never knew about black history until...
D: I think it was *Spin*. Do you follow the articles written about you?

CD: Yeah. Yeah I do.
D: You cut them all out or...?

CD: I try to save as many as possible. There's a lot of them.
D: Oh I know. I can imagine. How do you like touring?

CD: Love it, but right now I'm home-sick.
D: Homesick?

CD: Yeah.
D: You have family right? You've got a wife and a...

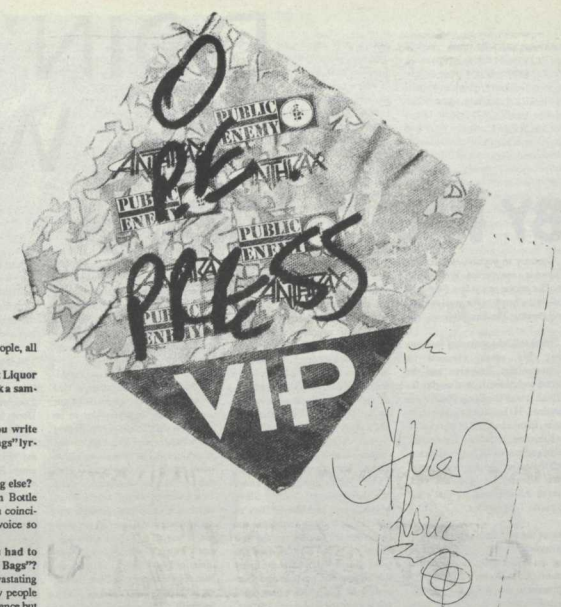
CD: A daughter. So I want to go home and see them.
D: How long is your tour?

CD: Five weeks, this is the end of it.
D: This is the end and then you get to go home or...

CD: Get to go home for two weeks and then start another one for six weeks.
D: Is there a lot of racial tension or anything at your shows?

CD: No.
D: I don't think there was any here, it was more like just people getting a bit too close and fighting and stuff but...

CD: Now. No tension at all. We had a show in Idaho tomorrow but I cancelled it. I'm not gonna fly to no Idaho. Fuck that!



DOIN' DONUT'S WITH ALICE

BY PAUL T. BROOKS

Contrary to popular belief Alice Donut is a real person. Well, not so much as a person as it is a face. Far deal out by the hands of the great rawn' roll creator: The She-Elvis.

"Michael [Jung, guitarist] was getting his teeth cleaned in Kenarsce(sic), Brooklyn and the dental technician looked mighty familiar. It was The King. The King is not dead. He had a sex change operation, married a trucker and moved to Kenarsce, Brooklyn. He's a dental hygienist now. He's devoting himself to flossing and the prevention of gum disease. He said...she said, you're Alice Donut, so that's it," explains Tom Antona.

So for the past four albums and an extensive amount of years exploring the under-belly of alternative music, Alice Donut have not been ignorant to the perils of gingivitis. Inflammation of the gums is as a laughing matter. Alice Donut's new album for Alternative Tentacles is called *Revenge Fantasies of The Impotent* and is a welcome treat, and change, from an independent record market saturated with 60's psychedelia, hard-core and SUB POP. "A lot of people would assume a lot of things about us because we're on Alternative Tentacles...but that's what's cool about Alternative Tentacles is that there is no [stypical] sound. All the bands are unique and I think that's one thing that's really interesting about it....People will come and check us out just because it's an A.T. thing but they like it anyway."

Alice Donut are definitely not seeing any hindrance from their typecast label and battle all they try to label them or put a thumb on their sound. In the past they've been called everything from The Throwing Muses meet PIL, to Led Zepplin

meets the Butthole Surfers, and now my comparison to X crossed with Tupelo Chain Sex. "We get the weirdest pegs and it's kind of interesting; it's pretty funny. We get a lot of weirdness." But Alice Donut and weirdness kind of walk naked in a reinforn holding hands. We're not talking Tubes or Devo weirdness here but the kind of lyrical and musical weirdness possessed by the likes of The Dead Milkmen and a Bugs Bunny cartoon. Collectively, Alice Donut are: Tom Antona (vocals), Ted Houghton (bass, vocals), Mike Jung (guitars, vocals), Dave Giffen (guitars), Richard Marshall (guitars), and Steve Moses (drums, trombone). They've just finished up a European and North American tour for the new album in which they enjoyed the fruits of their labour and the many splendours of Canadian and German beer. "It's better, higher proof and tastier than Budweiser 3% piss-water". So, don't expect to see Alice Donut doing any beer commercials in the future unless they're for the competition.

With *Revenge Fantasies of The Impotent* the band takes a hauntingly surreal look at society and litters the vinyl with angst, frustration and morbidity. The trend of the last 3 albums has kind of pointed in that direction but nobody expected this monster. Spawned, and fed, by the war in the Persian Gulf, *Revenge...* focusses on the bleak and dismal with an attack on sinister grooves. Abetted by such lyrics as, "the wife of my best friend/stares right through me into the tumor of my sick need/...flinches at the wheel takes a vitamin complex to supplement her...builds the scaffolding for a splinter faction of the lumatic fringe/...jumps from still leaving me to clean all that's been spit/this ain't right but then/again no one will

know" ("My Best Friend's Wife"), and the sickening screech of trombone, Alice Donut have uncovered a tomb which held their schizophrenic captive; indeed, difficult with a 6 member band and the creative input thereof.

However, all is copacetic in the Alice Donut camp as they also decided to take a different approach to this record (which they consider to be their best yet), but an approach they weren't unfamiliar with. "We're kind of going back to something we've been doing...live and simple. And this one, because of the nature of the album, we just wanted to get it down on vinyl as quickly as possible and get as much of the live feel as possible. It was all right before the war, that's why it's called *Revenge Fantasies of The Impotent*...It's an album of frustration, says Tom. Hence, the inclusion of the cover of Black Sabbath's "War Pigs". Not your typical cover, of course, but an instrumental which has trombonist/drummer Steve Moses tooting out in place of the vocals. Originally, it was done on a whim but they liked it, kept it and put it on the album. Eventually, they learned the song but still refrain from adding vocals.

Most recently, with the huge success of indie bands making the jump to major labels I was curious to know Tom and Mike's views regarding bands going through this transition. "The most important thing is for the bands to not set their goals on becoming a commercial band but rather just staying out there and being an independent band. I think it depends on the band. A lot of bands have gone and then just can't [deal with it] and they suck or they try to change and whatever. But as long as they do the same thing, The Replacements and Husker Du really did. The major labels killed them. Sonic

Youth didn't lose anything. A lot of kids will say, "Oh, man they sold out." [But] Integrity is more than vision. You've got to really want to do the music as opposed to be in the business. When you see the possibility of [moving to a major] and then you lose track of why you did it, that's what selling out is about."

Conclusively, I don't think Alice Donut fans need worry about a sell-out from the band in the near future. But there may be cause for alarm if the next tour is sponsored by the army. Be all you can be... Might make for another interesting cover tune.



ALICEDONUT DISCOGRAPHY

- Donut Comes Alive* LP - Alternative Tentacles
- Bucketfuls of Sickness and Horror in an Otherwise Meaningless Life* LP - Alternative Tentacles
- Mule* LP - Alternative Tentacles
- Revenge Fantasies of The Impotent* - Alternative Tentacles
- The Ass Trilogy* EP - Alternative Tentacles
- "Demonologist/My Boyfriend's Back" 7" - Alternative Tentacles
- Alice Donut/Love Rollercoaster/Da Willys/Egg" Split 7" - Rave Records
- "Get A Life, Get A Job" 7" - Vital Records



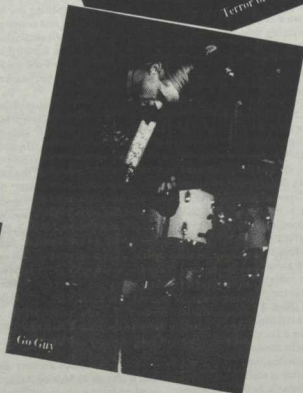
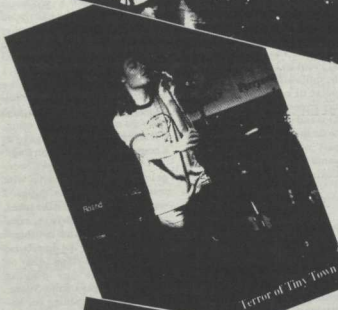
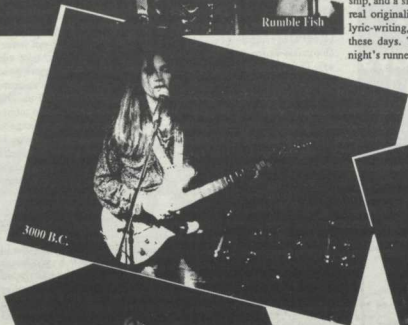
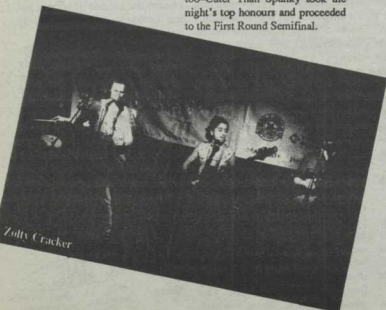
Ding! Round One has now officially passed into history. If you haven't been down to the Railway for the past five Mondays you've been missing the fun of three young 'n' sweaty groups of rock-stars-to-be battling for those "fabulous prizes" emblazoned on the striking Shindig banner which spans the stage. What follows is a recap of the glorious first-round action for all of you losers who didn't show up:

SEPTEMBER 23

Zolly Cracker: At first, the four members of Zolly Cracker seemed to be a little nervous and guarded, but as their performance progressed they loosened up a bit and appeared to be enjoying themselves. Likewise, I initially found the "I'm a serious singer-songwriter" attitude of the lead vocalist a little annoying; however, as the Crackers charged through their set of high-energy busker-folk tunes, their determination and conviction began to make an impression on me. The use of two percussionists gave their arrangements an original rhythmic flavour—it's good to see that some bands realize you can get a driving beat without having to use a conventional drum kit. All four Zolties sing too, and all have very strong and original voices. The hand-down Railway Club Staff Favourites for the evening, Zolly Cracker, finished a solid second place with the judges.

Go Guy: More guys with nothing better to do than strap on some guitars and get a drum set and try and make some noise. More guys who can't sing with nothing to sing about trying to sing about nothing. It's never easy coming in third, but all I can hope is that the guys in Go Guy will be inspired to work harder and practice their playing, singing, and songwriting until they become the next Dinosaur Jr.

Cuter Than Spunky: The first couple of Spunky songs were blasts of frantic chaos being thrown at the unsuspecting Railway patrons. But by the third song of their short set, the angst-core barrage had been twisted into focus. The combination of frantic drumming and bass spurts with the rolling-eye scream of the singer/bassist and wined wank-soundscape of the unusually-bedecked guitarist managed to capture the audience's attention, and won over the judges, too—Cuter Than Spunky took the night's top honours and proceeded to the First Round Semifinal.



SEPTEMBER 30

Terror of Tiny Town: With a name like this, I was expecting (and hoping) for some off-the-wall zaniness. What was dished up was a mix-n-match selection of styles ranging from country-folk to AC/DC rawk. I really liked a couple of their songs, but the others didn't do much for me. I think this "we're so eclectic" style-jumping thing can get outta hand sometimes. Still, Terror of Tiny Town do have a lot of strong points: some good songs, good musicianship, and a singer who shows some real originality in his singing and lyric-writing, a trait far too lacking these days. The Terrors were the night's runner-ups.

Rumble Fish: Another case where blatant personal bias is about all you can go on. If you like Sons of Freedom-type rhythms and loud, simple riffing with sorta Siouxsie-Hagen-National Velvet-Goth-Vixen vocals, you'll be into the 'Fish'. If not, yer outta luck. Personally not my favourites, I still have to give them points for having a friendly and personable singer and for at least developing their own "sound," however derivative it may be. Rumble Fish were the evening's champions.

3000 B.C.: Having to watch 3000 B.C. was really a test. I began to grapple with the thorny question of whether or not it was ethical to subjectively judge other people's music and publish said opinions for all to see. Yup, it's a damned shame that someone has to come in last, and forgive me if I'm too blunt—I thought 3000 B.C. sucked the big long hairy one. Sorry, boys!

OCTOBER 7:

FIRST ROUND SEMI-FINALS

The winners of the three previous preliminaries gathered again on the longhaul to rockstardom; some really tasteless jokes were told; and a major upset occurred, living up to Shindig's reputation as the most unpredictable show on earth.

Groove Ranch: Another set of "how ya doin' tonite" rock'n'roll, complete with an ass-licking "thanks to everyone at CTR, we think Shindig is such a great event blah blah blah" speech. Hey man, we know! The nail in their coffin? "This song's being played on Coast 800!"
Ooops! Sorry boys...GONG!!!

Cuter Than Spunky: After being blown away by this band in the preliminaries, I was expecting a repeat of their inspiring first-round performance. Unfortunately, the Spunkies seemed to lose their touch and were kinda mediocre. I hope they can regain some of the intensity that they demonstrated in the preliminaries.

Rumble Fish: See above for definition of Rumble Fish sound. I was sure the judges were going with the "Fish," but, as per usual...wrong again, bud.

As we say in Jokes for Beer... what will we give these bands? Cuter Than Spunky? Two Beers! Groove Ranch? One Beer! Rumble Fish? No Beer! Like life itself, it helps to think of Shindig as a big, bad joke. So come on down and laugh along with us (or at us) every Monday, at the Railway Club, 579 Dunsmuir.

all photos by Len Whistler

NOVEMBER

speedy obit

RHYTHMIC UNDERGROUND

LIVE MUSIC FIVE NIGHTS A WEEK

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W/ FUNKY STEW

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 2
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DUB SQUAD

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BRAIN JAM
W/ WACKER BISQUIT

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 8
SEATTLE'S REGGAE LEGENDS
THE DEFENDERS

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9
FUNKALICIOUS MAN
ACTION BUDDIE

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15
DEADHEAD APPROVED
G. T. NOAH
W/ JAMBA

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 16
REGGAE WITH SAN DIEGO'S
CARDIFF REEFERS

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 17
JEEZ - THIS BAND IS WEIRD
THE SQUIRRELS
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SWEATY NIPPLES
W/ SUPER 8 PROJECT

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 22
DIABOLICAL HORN ROCK
THE DADDIES
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SATURDAY NOVEMBER 30
SOCA: REGGAE - SIKI
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DISORDER

I probably need my head examined. Three friends and I rented a car and drove to Tacoma just to see Pigface. I braved traffic from hell through Seattle, raw'n'roll groups, and drunken, drugged out musicians for a change to experience the unlikely grouping of people as diverse as Martin Atkins (Killing Joke, Ministry, P.I.L.), his Killing Joke cohort—Paul Raven, Ogre (Skinny Puppy), Chris Connelly (Fini Tribe, Ministry), Mary Biker (Gayle Bikers On Acid), En Esch (KM-FDM) and McGuire (Dogzilla—from Austin, Texas). The end result was noisy, spontaneous and eye-opening.

We found the "illustrious" Temple Theatre in the Warehouse that is Tacoma. Armed with a tape recorder and a Pigface EP waiting to be signed, I take a deep breath and walk confidently up to Chris Connelly to discover he actually remembered me from our interview in Chicago—oh in-ter-view in Chicago—oh in-ter-view. We set up an interview after soundcheck, but I managed to see a bit of the momentous evening. It was mighty strange to see Ogre with no stage blood or sheep's intestines around his neck. I had met with Ogre at Front 242 and found him to be quite affable, not the paranoid of rumour. He shuttled his friend and I to Martin Atkins and we trotted downstairs to do the interview (this is the part where you get to read some of the interview with Chris Connelly, eh?)

People have said this is just a bunch of fucking around, blah, blah, you make up songs on stage. I happen to think it is absolute fuckin' brilliant, but what people don't realize is that we don't get much money from doing this, compared to what we get doing our other things. We're doing this because we want to. There's sixteen people on the road. This equipment we take out on the road, we brought this lighting rig, is twenty grand a week for that light rig, the bus, and the truck. We flew everybody in—Nick (En Esch from KM-FDM), flew in from Germany and Ogre from Vancouver. It costs a fortune and it takes two people five months to put a Pigface tour together, not including the agent.

We have a pigface player again tonight. Every Pigface show is supposed to be different. I think if people are having a hard time with Pigface it tells us a lot about what's going on in music—nothing! Pigface excites me, a year and a half after it started. I have no idea what's going to happen tonight; it might be crap. We're not going to play the same songs all the way through the tour, so I think it's healthy. I think it does good things for us as individuals and as musi-

cians, for our craft. And it does good things for us to take back to the other projects we're involved in. People say this isn't a regurgitation of things they've already seen. We don't know what's going to happen. So, come with us on this journey and let's see what happens. I think it's wild.

On Running An Indie Label (Invisible Records)

Cash flow is difficult; time is difficult. We work until five in the morning sometimes seven days a week. It's difficult, in some senses, but it's not insurmountable. I'd like to take ads out in *Spin*. I think if more people knew about Pigface, more people would listen to us and more people would be challenged. I think it is a challenge to watch and listen to Pigface. If Pigface is just too nasty for some people, too left field, it might generate some interest in some less left field bands.

On Doing The Tour Thing

We had a great situation in Florida. There's a promoter called Fat Harry who has ripped off Skinny Puppy and other bands. Suddenly, he's doing a Pigface show. We just circled him and the guy just makes a fearful noise. Everywhere he turned someone was saying "You ripped us off!" or "I said, 'everybody go to your dressing room, I'll talk to this guy.' He gave us a bonus before we went on stage. Some of the shows were going for like 2 1/2 hours, with people setting fire to things. I came on stage, ran down the street, collected some trash cans, came running back, found two hammers and joined the improvise encore thing on stage. Also on stage was the guy playing bagpipes; the guys from Silverfish—who were opening for us—threw about a Mylar Pierodactyl with film projected on it. I found Ogre to be quite bright and smiley. Go figure!

I drifted around some more. The bagpipe player and I decided that Chris shouldn't wear a kilt as his knees are too knobby. He also revealed that Chris was a poet before he was a musician. He didn't answer why he couldn't be both at the same time but he was intent on how much acid to drop.

Finally the show started and I watched from the wings. As it was their first show on this tour, and Pigface is synonymous with spontaneity, it was pretty loose. The surprise of the evening was how riveting En Esch is on stage: he was extremely intense with his bald head and cadaverous frame. Ogre rambled around the stage, hugging and bumping into people, having mock fights with Mary Biker. The music, like the members, was extremely free-wheeling and it would be interesting to compare this, their first show, with a later one. The standouts were "Suck," which Ogre sang (growled?) instead of Trent Reznor, and also a kick-ass

interviews with Ogre, Nick, me and Bill Rieff. Two of the guys from the Pixies play Flamenco guitars while Ogre is talking about being tossed around while being thrown out of Mexico. People keep asking what is Pigface? It's this album (*Mexico*), it's *Spoon Breakfast*, it's the *Gub* album, it's as many live shows as you can see and the videos and all the rest of it.

The Real Story Behind Those Weird Pigface Album Names

I don't know if you know the story behind this. I had a cat named Gub—that died while I was in England—Spoon is Chris Connelly's cat, and Breakfast is our other cat. So people are thinking, "Spoon, ah, it's about heroin. I'd about having heroin for breakfast!" It's not; it's our cats.

Atkins was expansive and very helpful. Pigface were, on the whole, not Rock Stars, just talented people making a living which sounds corny but true. (Be sure to read with just the right amount of earnestness.)

I wandered around and found Ogre perched on a fire escape (with appropriately enough, no stairs). He removed his "Realistic" headphones, mumbled something about the new Puppy album weirding him out and his hat making him hallucinate—if I wore a hat with "Slut" emblazoned in metal on it might get strange too. He gave me the headphones so I could hear the next Puppy as he shuffled off to find his whiskey bottle. It was very relaxing to sit in the open doorway and listen to Puppy until Ogre reappeared to discuss horror movies, his personal plans and the next Puppy tour—something about a Mylar Pierodactyl with film projected on it. I found Ogre to be quite bright and smiley. Go figure!

I drifted around some more. The bagpipe player and I decided that Chris shouldn't wear a kilt as his knees are too knobby. He also revealed that Chris was a poet before he was a musician. He didn't answer why he couldn't be both at the same time but he was intent on how much acid to drop.

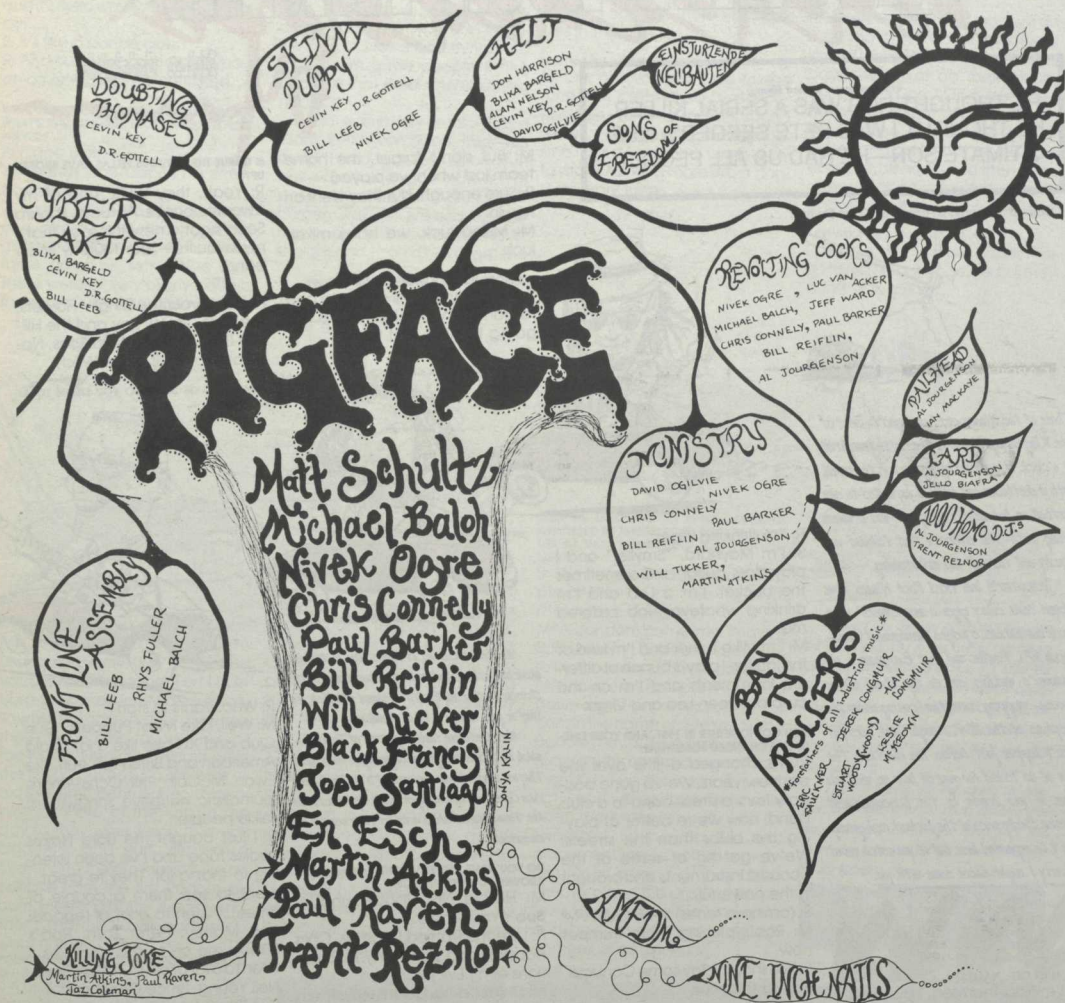
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version of Puppy's "TFWO," which sounds like a disturbing (which seems to be a disturbing trend!)

I went back downstairs to say good-bye and found Ogre laying on a make-up counter in a dressing room, where he accidentally smashed a light with his boot. I gave him a quick hug and we promised to do coffee when he came back to Vancouver. Then blonde women with little black dresses appeared who should have had signs saying "fuck me" on them. I almost got wine poured on my shoes by Will Tucker and I heard the sounds of bottles being broken—it was definitely time to go.

Pigface are genuinely trying to do something completely new and experimental. The good thing about this is that it can be challenging and inspiring or, the flipside, sloppy and self-indulgent. The Tacoma show probably fell closer to the good end of the spectrum rather than the bad.

MURDER INC.
Martin Atkins
Paul Raven
Chris Connelly
Paul Fournier
Trent Reznor



THE HARD ROCK MINERS

by Helen Gadsden

(the producer of the new album)

HE THOUGHT ROB WAS A SERIAL KILLER, HE THOUGHT I WAS PETE SEEGER'S ILLEGITIMATE SON—HE HAD US ALL PEGGED.

Derived from original photos by Kevin Statham



Three of the Miners and I arranged to meet at the Kling George V pub in the Hotel Georgia at 9 o'clock. It's a pretty regular bar, the usual, with a dartboard and a TV. I expected to see football on but weirdly enough, it was a woman giving birth. The interview that followed was equally off the wall and entertaining.

Vancouver's own Hard Rock Miners have played some crazy gigs: a new lawyers' union, trade conventions, a judges' arraignment (come-uppance?), Pauline and Art Bergman's old drummer's wedding, and to top it all off, a spouse-snapping convention (posing under the auspices of the NDP, I might add). Lucky it didn't happen just before the election. The four of us talked for over an hour so what you have in your hands is the juiciest rock gossip you can't be repeated here but if you catch me at a party I might share some with you.

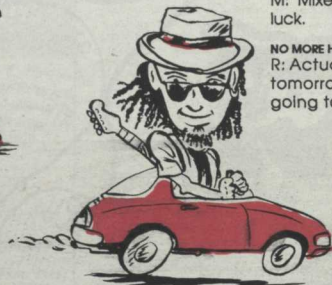
OK, FIRST OFF...NAMES?

R: I'm Rob Thomson, I play guitar and sing in the band.

ZODIAC SIGN?

R: Gemini.

AND WHAT ARE YOU DRINKING TONIGHT?



R: I'm drinking lager.

S: I'm Maynard, "Smyle," and I play bass guitar and sometimes the bucket. I'm a Leo and I'm drinking whatever Rob ordered me.

M: I'm Mike Turner and I'm kind of the janitor—I play a bunch of different instruments and I'm on the cusp between Leo and Virgo.

YOU GOT TOGETHER IN 1987, AND YOUR LINE-UP HAS CHANGED SOMEWHAT

R: It's changed a little over the past few years. We've gone basically from a street band to a club band, now we're better at playing the clubs than the streets. We've got rid of some of the acoustic instruments and brought in the powerful...

S: (ominous tones) BASS GUITAR.

M: Rob's playing more trumpet now.

R: We should play some Canucks' games this year.

WELL, YOU DID PLAY...

R: We played the Edmonton Oilers' game, the first one in the playoffs 2 years ago, and they went on to win the Stanley Cup finals. You'd think the Canucks would've picked up on that.

M: But don't forget, the home team lost when we played.

R: Sure enough, but they went on to win.

M: Mixed luck, we have mixed luck.

NO MORE HOCKEY GAMES IN THE FUTURE?

R: Actually, we're going to one tomorrow night, but we're not going to play. Just watch.



We then discussed ex-Miners. One is studying music at Berkeley, another is a previous member of the Scooter family. Rudy Graffitti's played with them, and they've gone through a lot of drummers.

We talked about their management of Tecomments, which isn't their management anymore, just their agent. They now manage themselves, except in the East, where Alan Cohen, who also manages Prairie Oyster and looks like the Tummy Thumper show, acts as their manager and consultant.

DO YOU HAVE ANY FAVOURITE LOCAL BANDS AROUND TOWN RIGHT NOW?

M: Herald Nix, RootsRoundUp, Bob's Your Uncle...

R: I like the Rattified Roosters, Chris Houston and the many incarnations of his Evil Twang...

M: I think I'd like Coal if I saw them play.

R: One of my favourite bands in Vancouver is the Smugglers. (general assent around the table)

DID ANY OF YOU GO TO THE FUGAZI GIG?

M: No, we were ID'ed and they felt we were too old for the gig.

IS IT TRUE THE NERVOUS FELLAS HAVE BROKEN UP?

R: Yeah, they WERE one of my favourite bands. Actually, I heard Sean's got a new thing, so that's my favourite—Sean Murphy's new band.

(Other favourites: Stingin' Hornets, The Dots, Jimmy Roy and the Hill-billy Boys, The Last Wild Sons, No-MeansNo, Spirit of the West)

WHAT SORT OF STUFF DO YOU LISTEN TO AT HOME?



R: Who wants to start?

M: Well, I like Meat Puppets, Gun Club and X. I also like a lot of old American and British folk stuff, like Ewan McColl, Phil Ochs—more journalistic narrative songwriters; folkie people.

S: I just bought the Bare Nakes Ladies tape and I've been listening to that a lot. They're great. I went to see them a couple of times.... I listen to a lot of reggae: Bob Marley, Peter Tosh. Rob's turned me on to the Ventures. I listen to a lot of old stuff: Pink Floyd, Neil Young, Bruce Cockburn.

R: I listen to XTC, Elvis Costello, Squeeze, the Pogues, Violent Femmes and about six Ramones albums, which I put on before a show to get the energy happening.

S: And I'm battling him with Jimmy Cliff in the next bedroom.

R: We're roommates, so every night before a show we're putting on the music and getting dressed—we have the doors open and it's like a wave of music comes out....

S: It's like a dance club.

R: And our other roommate who's an athlete gets very confused.

YOU DO A LOT OF TOURING AROUND CANADA. WHAT'S THE FURTHEST FROM HOME YOU'VE PLAYED?

R: Cape Breton?

M: Sydney. The Capri in Sydney, Nova Scotia.

R: That's right. We played there one afternoon in the hopes of getting a night gig. We played three one-hour sets in the bar. There weren't very many people there and we didn't get to play

9 people in the van....

M: ...coming from Toronto to Winnipeg in the middle of winter.

R: The van seats 6 people comfortably, and 7 now, which is fairly comfortable, but you can imagine nine....It was a bad thing. And there were some people in the band at that time...their bathing habits....

M: And everybody smoked and drank in the van. Man, that was awful. I had to throw some stuff out when we got home. The smell....I had a McDonald's hamburger wrapper pressed against my sleeping bag for 48 hours straight and I could never get the

R: How much is that per page?

M: I don't know, 8 cents a page....And Ingrid does commercial design work. And who else?

R: That's about it. There's nobody else in the band.

NEXT WE DISCUSSED COVERS.

M: Our philosophy is if we take a tune that's really heavily dance-oriented we try to make it sound older...more like a traditional tune. And if it's a traditional tune we try to make it sound more like a contemporary tune.



THEN WE TALKED ABOUT PRESS COVERAGE WHICH LED TO THEIR RECORD RELEASE, WHICH LED TO THEIR SPONSORSHIP AND ENDORSEMENTS.

S: We may be doing a product placement in our video.

R: Maybe a condom—

M: A condom company...maybe Bud Country, Budweiser Country.

R: They have a condom out now?

M: Yeah, a tin can but it's honed down a bit. They're recycling their cans in the name of safe sex. Some people may have a problem with sponsorship and product placement but if you believe in a product... and we certainly believe in beer. We believe in safe sex, for example, so having product placement would not be a problem for us as long as they don't directly place the product on us. S: As long as it's done with taste and helps us achieve our goals and get what we want.

M: The challenge is using the endorsement creatively.

DO YOU EVER GO OUT TO DINNER ALL TOGETHER?

R: When we're on the road we do it all the time, which is actually kind of weird 'cause I know a lot of bands who just do their soundchecks and go "OK, we'll meet back here at ten" and that's it. But in our case, we do the soundcheck and go "What're you guys doing for dinner?" and then quite often we all go to the same place and sit together.

AND ASK FOR A TABLE FOR SEVEN

R: We do. I know other bands that go to restaurants together but they don't sit together.



that night. We left right after that.

M: We ended up going to Louisburg (Lunenburg?) for a band vacation on the road. Fort Louisburg is economically depressed, so what the government did when they opened the fort was hire all the locals, who'd been laid off in the fishing business, to dress up as old sixteenth-century Frenchmen. We got there at the end of the day so they were trying to sneak cigarettes and stuff. We turn a corner and they're looking like an outtake from the first Pogues album, sneaking butts...it was funny. Then we talked Newfie politics and went home.

YOU FLEW OUT THERE. DO YOU EVER ALL TRAVEL IN THE SAME VAN?

R,S,M: (chorus) Oh yes.

M: Except on the first tour we travelled in two vehicles—allittle van and allittle car—both brand new 1988 Mazdas.

S: For our next tour I thought we were going to rent seven Mazda Minis.

R: The worst was when there were

smell out of that little square.

R: There was a time in Toronto when we were driving around for 2 weeks and the van just stunk. About a week later we found a carton of milk that someone had put in the side door and it had turned into cottage cheese by that time.

(TO ROB) I KNOW YOU'RE A WAITER BUT THE OTHERS... DO YOU ALL WORK?

S: I do carpentry-type work.

R: Like, the drummer, works at the same place I do and Paul is a window-cleaner. Pierre is a self-employed musician, does studio work, guitar lessons...

M: I do a bit of freelance writing and I have a book coming out on Pulp Press in October, called *Company Town*. **buy it—\$10.95, 135 pages.**



"POKIN' AROUND" WITH MUDHONEY

THIS IS THE NEW PHOTO
ALL SEE IF I CAN GET YOU MORE
PHILI. —

Bryce Dunn

Every good boy deserves fudge. Every good boy deserves a chance to interview one of his favorite bands, and for this happy-go-lucky interviewer my dream has come true. So after an EP, an LP, various 7"ers and tours around the globe it was time to tling a little mud and see what exactly Mark, Matt, Steve and Dan had been up to recently.

My discussion with Steve (guitar-pyrotechnics) Turner began with their tours of Europe, North America (with up and comers Gas Huffer) and The Land of The Rising Sun (by the time you read this article).

Having conquered Europe (particularly England) on many occasions—including last year's headlining gig at the infamous Reading Rock Festival—this trip would see Mudhoney leaving a two week tour of pleasure for adoring fans and disillusionment for British rock critics. Could this new album and tour reignite the spark inside those cold hearts? "It's kinda gone up and down with us," says Steve. "They liked us a lot at first, then last year they didn't like us very much and we attributed that to our haircuts [two members now sport very short do's; Matt's remains unchanged] but now they're used to that, so now they can deal with us again."

After a short break, Mudhoney are now on their way from coast to coast across the U.S.A., with some fairly new Northwest talent collectively known as Gas Huffer. When I asked, "Why Gas Huffer?" the answer was simple. "We know them. We like them. We thought it would be good for them." Indeed it has. With Huffer's debut LP, *Janitors of Tomorrow*, just released, this tour will help spread the word that Gas Huffer is a force to be reckoned with. Lastly, just when you thought it was over, it was off to a 4 show tour, all expenses paid jaunt across the Pacific to Japan. Following in the footsteps of such bands as Pussy Galore and Sonic Youth, Mudhoney were out to show they were leaving no stone unturned in their quest for world domination. The revolution will not be televised.

Every good boy deserves fudge. Not only is it the title of their latest effort on SUB POP but also an outlet for women's groups to scream "Sexism!" while the rest of us scratch our heads in confusion. For Steve Turner, however, this is how the title came about: "Me and Mark were at our practice place, and normally we tune down our gui-

tar, and we were trying to figure out how to tune to E—what the actual notes were. When it (E.G.B.D.F.) popped into my head we realized those weren't the actual notes we were looking for. So we thought that was pretty funny and as a joke we told SUB POP that was what we were going to call the record. And they believed us." Well I can believe it, and so can the radio stations across the country, as *Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge* soars up the college music charts—much like 1989's self-titled LP. The only difference between the two, however, is the approach in music. Gone are the crunching, wah-wahing guitars, whiplash snare and deadening bass groove in favor of harmonica, organ and the feel of we-just-stepped-off-the-set-of-"Hallelujah." In other words the 6-6-60's are back for Mudhoney.

Is this a step in the wrong direction? "Not really," claims Steve. "It's just whatever comes out at the time. I really thought 'Touch Me I'm Sick' was a total 60's riff anyway. It comes and goes. The Blue Cheer! Stoooges thing has run its course with me and we are pretty aware that we like a lot of different things. It's always interesting to try new things even if it's not new necessarily."

For the time being this strategy is paying off, for as one *Flipside* reviewer notes on the new record, "Mudhoney fail to hold their grunge throne and I'm fucking glad 'cuz another LP like their last, or even *Super Fuzz*... would have gone over like a lead weight. Not that I didn't like those records/songs, it's just that every other band all of a sudden 'discovered' hard-heavy-rock-punk a.k.a. grunge." In response to this Steve makes an affirmative stand, "There's a lot of really horrible sides to the Seattle rock scene; a lot of really horrible bands on major labels." About the Seattle scene in general Steve says, "Don't believe Seattle's reputation. The city doesn't matter. You have to judge a scene band by band, otherwise mediocre bands slip through the cracks." Yet, Mudhoney believes that there are also good bands in Seattle and they try to see them whenever possible. Some of the bands they mention are The Gits, Gorilla, The Night Kings and Flop.

Every good boy deserves fudge. Every good boy deserves a shot at the big time and you would think that by now Mudhoney would've had the chance. Sitting comfortably on the SUB POP roster of ever increas-

ing size as one of its top revenue holders it seems only fitting that this latest effort would have phones ringing off the hook or record execs falling over themselves to get a piece of the Mudhoney pie. Alas, not yet. They can only sit back and watch as former SUB POP bands like Nirvana (now Geffen/MCA) and Soundgarden (now A&M) relish in the splendor of the big time. But does this have Mudhoney worried? Are they feeling lonely and rejected by their peers? "We feel the same as we always have about them," Steve points out. "I understand exactly why they moved on and at some point we may have to as well. It's not much more corporate going to a major, really, than being on a major independent." For the time being, it seems Mudhoney are content on being where they are, but don't be surprised if the next time you see them they're sporting brand new haircuts and sipping champagne.

Every good boy deserves fudge. These good boys deserve a break too and the sooner it comes the better. After touring and contributing cuts to two compilations (a *North-West Damned* tribute and *Nardwaz's* second compilation LP) Steve tells me Mudhoney will be on the backburner for a while.

However, he will not stop playing as he gigs occasionally with fellow Mudman Mark Arm and Ed Fotheringham (artist extraordinaire for E.G.B.D.F.) as the Thrown-Ups—known exclusively for making songs up on the spot and spewing foreign objects on the audience while dressed as Elvis impersonators or huge sunflowers. If this isn't your bag then you can tune into your fave video channel and see their brand new visual masterpiece for "Good Enough," directed by SUB POP photo-mogul, Charles Peterson. In any case, Mudhoney are here to stay whether you like it or not. And if I could sum up the Mudhoney philosophy in 25 words or less I think it would be: if we're "Good Enough" and we "Let It Slide" then "The Money Will Roll Right In." My message go out to you boys cuz I think you may just get what you wish for.

Mudhoney Discography

Touch Me I'm Sick/Sweet Young Thing Ain't Sweet No More 7"—SUB POP
Superfuzz Bignuff LP—SUB POP
You Got It/Burn It Clean 7"—SUB POP

This Gift/Baby Help Me Forget 7", 12" (inc. Revolution)—SUB POP
Mudhoney LP—SUB POP
Boned Beef and Rotting Teeth EP (Import)—SUB POP
Thorn/You're Gone/You Make Me Die/With Billy Childish 7"—SUB POP
Mudhoney Plays Hate The Police... EP—Waterfront
Let It Slide + 4 CD Single—SUB POP
Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge LP—SUB POP
Masters of War/My Life With Rickets (The Free-Wheelin' Mark Arm) 7"—SUB POP

Compilations

Mudhoney "Halloween"/Sonic Youth "Touch Me I'm Sick" split 7"—SUB POP
Blast First "24"—Dope, Guns, & Fuckin' In The Streets Vol. 1—Amphetamine Reptile
"The Rose"—SUB POP 200—SUB POP
"March To Fuzz"—*Intervus Half Rack*—Entrust
Mudhoney "She's Just 15"/Halo of Piles "Jagged Time Lapse" split 7"—Amphetamine Reptile
"Sis Your Back"—*Another Damned Tribute Compilation*—Dashboard Hulaig





UNDER REVIEW

NIRVANA *Nevermind* (MCA)

It would've been so easy to make this one word review by using a word synonymous with Nirvana (e-h!n!t, e-plo!r!a, e-p!r!t!r!t). But that would have been a cop out. Anyways, someone who thinks of them as being angry or witty will probably do it in *Hype, Spin, The Melody Maker* or (cringe) *The Georgia Straight*. But until you read that in some other rag of tripe...nevermind.

After an LP (*Black*) and two "releases" (*Sliver*), "Moly's Lips" with The Primal's "Candy" on the flipside) on the infamous SUB POP label, Nirvana have been snatched up by the corporate wassals at MCA, luckily. Otherwise, Fugazi and Bad Religion were in danger of having their claim to highest-selling indie bands snatched from their proverbial clutch-purse as this Seattle retro-core/garage-punk trio launch a ground attack on all musical camps with their premiere DGC/MCA release, *Nevermind*. Unfortunately, now they're in the same boat that Sonic Youth were in when they released *Go*. What use to cause tidal waves in the realms of college charts now is witnessed to be but a ripple in the pools of suits—who hold the contracts for our fave indie bands making that transition to the big leagues.

Allgoosead, *Nevermind* picks up from where *Black* left it hanging by our bamboo-shooted fingertips precariously clutching to the ledge of immortal resonance. Huh? nevermind. In simpler terms *Nevermind* whistles your appendages to the marrow. Kurt Cobain, guitarist/vocalist, must have experienced some of the same torture because his diamond-scratch-pick vocals on tunes like "Territorial Pissings" and "Stay Aways" make it hard to believe that he doesn't live off a steady diet of Vic's Vapor Rock and throat lozenges.

"Smells Like Teen Spirit" is the first single, and probably not by coincidence, the first song on the disc. Like many of the songs on *Nevermind*, "Teen Spirit" meeps up on you and fondles your cerebral cortex until you're rendered para-

lyzed or choking on your tongue in a raging fit. It's a surprising degree of your-seat blend of full-bore aggression, bass/drum/guitar attack and understated, rockabilly, come-hither-if-you-dare, 2 note guitar whizzer.

Not to be outdone by the rest and rage of "Teen Spirit" are "Breed" and "Territorial Pissings," which contribute an even healthier dose of angst. "Breed" is a quadruple-time primal bashing accentuated with psychodirge guitar while "Territorial Pissings" is a straight ahead hardcore tune that hurts the senses. The drums and guitar keep up a furious pace while the vocals stream behind in a screaming attempt to outdo the rhythm section. This is only one example of Kurt's need—a lozenge vocal, um, technique(?)

Unlike *Black*, *Nevermind* bounces with diversity. And just as Kurt and co. pummella, pummella,



pummella the listener into submission, they wake you with a potpourri of mulling-sals in the form of "Polly" and "Something In The Way." Both are acoustic ballads—the use of tone loosely—but not your typical life-is-good-cuz-I'm-in-love-with-a-woman—who-has-domesticated-me-to-the-point-of-where-I'm-happy-cuz-I'm-in-sad. "Polly" wants a cracker/Think she wants some...To put out the blow-torch...Polly wants a cracker/Maybe she would like some food/She asked me to unite herz...Polly says

her back hurts/She's just as bored as me." "Nuff said(?) "Something In The Way," on the other hand, is almost angelic. Is that a cello in the background? Well, some kind of symphony string instrument is sighing in the background while Chris Novoselic (bassist) and Dave Grohl (drummer) dronously float behind Kurt's serene vocals...nevermind.

Prior to the release of this album I was fortunate enough to acquire a bootleg copy of 3 songs on *Nevermind*, including "Breed" and "In Bloom," which I didn't think would make it to the album. However, I was proven wrong as indeed they did make the transition to the bigger format. "In Bloom" is a slap-happy, back-to-bass-ies groove which keeps you wanting the guitar to reach out and pluck you from your happy place. "Sells the kids for food/Never changes mood/Spins it here again: Reproductive glands." Can there possibly be a happier place than (Nirvana? Eden? Utopia?... nevermind. Well, until any of us find that sacred place I'll be happy that *Nevermind* is steadily rising as one of 1991's best albums—not a bad achievement considering it's already late in the year and should continue to well into the new year.

In conclusion, the uncontestable kings of riff-score are back with a vengeance and anaesthetizingly catchy release...nevermind. "I'm so happy 'cuz today I found my friends/They're in my head/I'm so ugly, that's okay 'cuz so are you."

Scottor

SEAWEED *Dispersed* (Sub Pop)

Some dork-head at the VOX in Calgary wrote a review of this record while trying to do his homework.

"YOW! It's rock, and not very good rock at all!" he wrote. I suppose he was hoping for some fuckin' Zambir or something? Hey buddy, this six-song slab of seaweed is something else! It's hard, noisy, and every last one of these songs has stuck in my head over the past week.

True, it all sounds kinda similar when ya pop it on for the first time, but this is one of those records that takes a few listens to get into... and as everyone knows, those are the kinds of records which stick around in your collection, know what I mean? My only complaint is that the production doesn't allow you to experience the overwhelming energy that these songs take on when performed live—and of course, you can't watch Clint, Wade, John, and Aaron frantically wobble around on stage while Bob

pounds out the backbeat. It sounds a little flat, but at least you can hear Aaron's singing, and he's got a good voice, and the lyrics are good reading if you pick up the CD (which has ten songs). These thrashing Tacomasites should be up here again soon, so be sure not to miss 'em next time.

Rory Talt

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* (WEA)

Here are some cool facts about the Chili Peppers' new album *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*: the whole album was recorded in a haunted mansion in the Hollywood Hills; the Chili Peppers are no longer with EMI, or longtime producer Michael Biehn; the Chili Peppers are now with Warner and producer Rick Rubin; there are 17 (yes, 17!) songs on the new album (three of which are slow, acoustic tunes) totalling 74 minutes in length; Tracy Lords, River Phoenix and Faye Dunaway are all fans of the Chili Peppers! All together now, WOW.

My point is there is a really weird vibe happening on this new album (I mean, the haunted mansion thing? Weird). But don't get me wrong, it is still distinctly the Chili, but, well...shit, I really don't know what I'm trying to say. Let me put it this way—I've been a Peppers fan since 1987 when they released *The Uplift Mofo Party Plan*. Ever since then I've loved their style of positive, party punk-funk. Then I think, "Man, this was almost five years ago. In five years a band can change (unless it's ZZ Top), and should change, otherwise things get stale. And I think *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* represents a change in the Chili Peppers.

The new album is great, with all their standard tunes about funk, sex and friendship. There is no real speed-punk-funk like past stuff, it is more like funk-rock. Producer Rick Rubin has obviously influenced them enough to get some slow songs out of them. Man are these songs cool. Imagine an acoustic guitar, a Led Zep "Stairway To Heaven"-type flur, a funky bass and slow beat, and you have a slow song Peppers style. My favorite tunes, and coincidentally the best tunes, to crank that volume knob on are: "Funky Monks," "Stuck My Kist," "Mellowship Slinky in B major," "Give It Away," and "Sir Psycho Sexy."

My only complaint about the album is its length, at 74 minutes some of the tunes can get rather repetitive. You get the feeling they just went on a writing frenzy and said, "Fuck it, we'll keep 'em all." I am concerned that not all the old Chili Pepper fans will like this new one. But you lose a few and you gain a few. So, to end this damn review on a high note let me put it this way: the Red Hot Chili Peppers are still the funkiest, rowdiest, most passionate, get naked and party musicians around! Don't under-estimate their power, hahahaha! O.K. I'm losin' it. Now all I can say is, "WHEN'S THE CONCERT?"

Harrison Barr

Billy Bragg *Don't Try This At Home* (Polygram)

With *Don't Try This At Home* Billy Bragg appears to have completed the journey away from the madonnoid guitar-folk he began five years ago on *Talking With The Taxman About Poetry* and continued on *Worker's Playtime*. His new album has few musical hard edges, and while Peter Buck's mandolin gives some of the tracks the working-class slinging-room feel present on earlier albums, the overall production is designed to attract more than Bragg's original folk-rock fans.

In this new territory Bragg is clearly successful. The songs are attractively textured, and Bragg's vocals are more controlled and haunting than ever. The first ever single, "Sexuality," must be Bragg's biggest hit yet. Catchy, funny and thoroughly danceable, it should be getting more notice from club DJs than "Cindy of a Thousand Lives" would have been unthinkable for the Barking Bard in 1984. A startling cross between psychodelic Beatles and The Jesus and Mary Chain, "Cindy" is clear testimony to Bragg's commitment to a more complex musical presentation.

With greater musical complexity has come more lyrical ambiguity and elusiveness. This is partly due to Bragg's habit of using slightly obscure and localized British allusion, but even more so because Bragg has become particularly introspective. This self-consciousness appears to have been conditioned by the nihilist songwriters' concert about world events. "North Sea Bubble" is an indictment of British capitalist dependence on war, but it is also a defensive articulation of Bragg's own position as a socialist in a continent that has been rejecting socialism. While the song may well be convincing, his argument that "no one ideal" can solve every problem on Earth...You can borrow ideas! But you can't borrow situations! Leaves his own ideology insecure. Thus, in the pretty "Dolphin" as a political pessimism appears. As Bragg insists "I'm not the one to tell/This world how to get along...this world may never change" he appears to be in the mood for reconsideration.

Some of Bragg's new thoughts are both surprising and thought-provoking. "God's Footstool" is a strangely sympathetic ballad about a religious zealot. It contains none of the overt criticism expected from the Bragg of old. As usual, he is ready to expose his bittersweet love life, as in "Wish You Were Here" and "Body of Water." By now, everybody does know how much Billy's body hates him. What is perhaps surprising on an album with the single "Sexuality" is the lack of an explicit statement of or about feminism. In fact, women seem to continue to play the role of Bragg of either personal or political problem. The Comflake Girl from "Body of Water" is the same representative of consumerism, the same fashionable "dedicated swallower of fascism" whom Bragg criticized years ago in "The Busy Girl Buys Beauty." At times, he almost seems

to hold women in contempt, and it's hard to be sure that it's not Bragg himself who, as "Accident Waiting to Happen," is "impressed with a girl/Who could sing for her supper and get breakfast as well." However, he does an admirable job of representing the difficulties of a sexual relationship from a woman's point of view in "Trust."

Billy Bragg continues to write provoking songs, and continues to try to clarify the relationships between the personal and the political as he sees them. *Don't Try This At Home* is Bragg's best work since *Talking With the Taxman* and if he continues to take himself seriously he could produce even better music in the future.

Glen Clark

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Death Is Just the Beginning* (Gargo)

"Endless rack housing, nameless avenues and streets gridded out with incessant and never-ending regularity, formless, post-modern strip malls, vast expanses of asphalt parking lots and triple lane thoroughfares, video arcades, car dealerships, doughnut joints, steak houses, and tube shops...welcome to the suburbs. In the millions of square kilometers of North American development which falls between urban density and rural or natural tranquility, a new generation is being spawned. Fed on the yuppie materialism of their parents and the banal, mainstream nothingness of their environment, and in a constant tv and advertising induced beta-wave, 'the drained' state, certain youthful elements of this consumer society are going to create a metamorphosis of truly Star Trek ravenous proportions. In their mom's basement and the hallowed halls of the underground shopping malls, the new Prophets of the Apocalypse are emerging: Guardians of the True Faith, Paladins of the Unseen Reality, they have a message for you, and it ain't pretty."

Verily, the world may not be blown to bits by nuclear devices, but the Prophets know the great End Times are rapidly approaching. Carnage, blood, destruction and obliteration await us all through the Maws of the Grottoes of Technological Nightmares. *One hope lies in the crypts of the matrices of the New Cybernetic era, we can find out the gnostic nightmares to begin anew as the Children of the New Jerusalem, far away from the experiential Sodom and Gomorrah of... the Suburbs!*

Does any of this make sense? Well, it doesn't to me either. I just made it up because it sounded kind of cool. The point is that the suburbs truly have spawned a new category of musical phenomenon—the "Death-Metal" bands. Sounding like a hybrid between Finnish hardcore and Tom Waits with a bad chest cold, this music, also deathlessly called "Grunge" or "Death-Core," represents the ultimate debasement of rock and roll mixed with the altruism of fundamental, suburban Christendom—or similar doctrinal philosophies. Drawing from metal roots going as far west as the sixties, these bands add this new twist.

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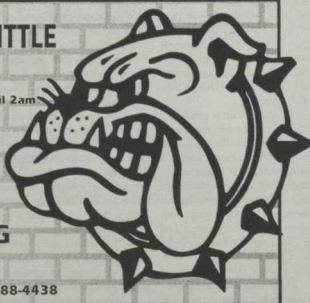
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many of them are indeed "fundamentalist Christian", witness (nolan intended) Incubus with their dirty, "Slaughter of the Unborn" (the song no politically correct person would ever have in their repertoire). Some espouse prophecies of doom and destruction (Benediction with "Gristled Finale," or Abolition with "Impending Doom"), gothic horror fantasies (Death Strike with the sublime "Mangled Dehumanization Outro," or Pungent Stench with "Suspended Animation"), Nancy-sez-no morality (Righteous Pigs with "Overdose"), or just plain silliness (Disharmonic Orchestra with "Disappeared with Hemaphrodite Choirs").

Another element should also be noted. Like other bands in this genre (i.e. Nipalm Death, Morgoth, Unleashed, Cannibal Corpse, and so on), the fans as well as musicians are exclusively young males. This may have to do with the male component of contemporary western society trying to find its identity in a more socially and economically confusing world. "Grunge" music reaffirms the fact that although technically human society has evolved at a blinding rate, physically we are identical (perhaps slightly taller and less hairy) to our ancestors who sat around grunting in caves wondering how to domesticate cats (let me digress for a moment and ask you, who domesticated who?). Like the primal joys of territorial power-belching, enjoying a deafening, heart-palpitating, wall of rhythm and noise accompanied by vocals which sound like Cookie Monster on acid, is something exclusive to the male realm of experience. In fact, females to whom I have tried to explain this music to, or even the finer aspects of power-belching, only respond with some sort of derision. Too bad, for they will never feel this aggressive, stirring music awakens the great, primeval male desire to run semicircle through a forest, howling under a full moon and beating things up with a big stick.

This vinyl compilation is a good starter kit for those of you who want to dabble in the Children of the Apocalypse's sound but don't want to spend \$20 on any one group's CD. Oh, and parents, don't worry about this primal thing. After a good night's howling, beating things up with a big stick, power-belching, and domesticating a cat or two, your son will be refreshed and emotionally re-adjusted to return to class and study Advanced Fluid Dynamics, Current Regression Theories in Economic Modelling, and Canadian Parliamentary History in the Twentieth Century. AAAAARRRGH! (e-primal scream).

J. Boldt

HOLGER CZUKAY (Radio Wave Surfer)

Holger Czukay is the only tolerable aging progressive rock star in existence...his quirky music and his Einstein hair give this venerable musical lunatic that extra something that, in a perfect world, would be show fame and fortune until now.

Radio Wave Surfer is Czukay's latest venture comprising live material recorded between 1984 and 1987. The music was recorded straight, with only minimal editing and no mixing. As such, this CD offers a fairly true picture of the Czukay live in action. Holger Czukay's back-up musicians offer excellent support and the lead vocal sounds amazingly like Gil-Scott Heron. (Unfortunately the musicians and vocalist are not credited so we might never know who they are.)

Radio Wave Surfer offers the two sides of Czukay. The first half of the CD serves up some funky tinged prog rock gems that owe much to Can. Czukay's previous group, The remaining songs are closer to the more recent Czukay with its clever use of tape, sounds and trademark french horn interjections. All tracks have enough depth that encourages discovery with each repeated listening. Great Czukay...sure to please.

Peter Slickert

YELLO

Baby

(Vertigo)

Just in time for Switzerland's 700th anniversary of confederation Yello, that cool musical carmelite on a conservative dear friend's face, has released its new musical *la force*. Baby, excluding the al-pow dancing in the opening fanfare "Homage to the Mountains," owes very little to Swiss cheese, precision time pieces, chocolate and other such culinary delicacies, but does owe a lot to heavy doses of B-movie Americana.

The decadently cosmopolitan Dieter Meier and his slick companion, Boris Blank, are the offspring of years of American cultural dumping. Yello has drunk the wealth of B-movie American and European artists (Wim Wenders comes to mind) and throws it back at them with distinctly European flavorings. Baby offers the full catalog of B-movie imagery—the neverending night of Manhattan, tough men in seedy bars, the inevitable femme fatale, sunbaked openness and ice cold martinis...Meier, that irresistible strutting.

"Lothario," is amazing. "Rubber Band Mass" is sure to terrorize the dancefloors of the New York Schickler. "Ocean Club" is the best tip of the hat to the hard-boiled American detective since Zom's "Spillane." A perfectly azure and golden scene is painted in "Capri Calling," a musical trip to paradise no travel agent could ever book. Meier, as the slippery confidence man, always sells his wares in "Blender." "Sweet Thunder" is as expansive as the widest, most big skyed space you're likely to ever experience. As for the rest of the tunes...heaven. Yello is visual...Yello is B-movie...Yello is mood making...As good as Stella and You Gotta Say Yes to Another Excess...Indulge.

Peter Slickert

BONE CLUB Bless This (Rocket Sound Record)

I'm sure Bone Club are a next generation of being pegged as a sick-generation

Soul Asylum or some such nonsense, simply because they're from Minneapolis. Emerging from the Loud American Mid-west Guitar Band incubator is the songwriting team of Andrew and Dacey Arashiba, who have enough original ideas between them to push Bone Club out of the nest and fly to the moon course. You might know that Andrew spent some time singing for Skin Yard, and yes, he's that good: husky and melodic, but when he belts it, hoo boy, that sends chills up my spine. Strong songwriting, singing, and excellent, solid guitar playing make *Bless This* an exceptional debut.

Rory Tall

Ned's Atomic Dustbin God Fodder (Sony)

If forced at gunpoint to compare Ned's Atomic Dustbin to another group I would say they sound like old Dinosaur Jr., only poppier and less depressing. While both groups seem to like writing songs about confusion, Dinosaur Jr. seems to have chosen aliens, little furry things and wagons to be confused about while Ned's Atomic Dustbin has chosen the more traditional teenage problems such as girls, parents and destroying televisions. I could see how a much older person might not be able to remember this confusion, and hence might become confused and not like it, or become confused and then suddenly identify immediately with the songs. But SERIOUSLY: This isn't *U2* Remedy from *Degrassi* and the songs aren't all about Teenage Pregnancy and Drugs. The songs won't fix your problems but they will make you happy if you're depressed. And if you're already happy then they'll probably just make you confused.

"What does the group sound like," you make ask confusedly? Well, the lead singer, John, has a strong passionate voice and is probably the greatest asset the band has got. The two bassists' playing, although audible, is not funky in any way it just lays a strong foundation for the guitarist to play over. Ned's Atomic Dustbin is one of the more REAL ROCK'N'ROLL groups out of England and is said to be the new Pop Will Eat Itself. No matter what, they're a pretty damn good band and should, in time, become a slightly better old band.

LAST WORDS: They're better than EMF.

Anton Surkask

HOLE Pretty On The Inside (Caroline)

After two 7 inchers on farm team labels (Sympathy For The Record Industry and SUB POP-The latest containing the bludgeoning tracks Dick-nall w/Bumblab (that still give me goosebumps with every rotation on my turntable), Hollywood's Hole make the jump to the big leagues with the 10 searing cuts on Caroline's *Pretty On The Inside*. I keep thinking that this should be called *Pretty On The Outside* because of the angle faces on the cover but once "Teenage Whore"

erupts from the speakers I can understand the kind of pretty/ugly dichotomy that Hole possesses.

Like "Teenage House," Hole want to give you the impression that everything in life isn't so. No. Instead there is pain, anger, disgust, and violence, especially where Hole knows it best—in Hollywood. This is created not only through their music but through the Drive-By Arrangements of garage-punk-rock lyrics of lead vocalist Courtney Love. Witness this excerpt from "Garbage Man": "She tears the hole up even wider/let's all the darkness up inside her/Holy old yeah your mine/Your everything is mine/they where the fuck were you when my lights went out." Or from the equally gut-wrenching "Mrs. Jones": "Sister ectoplasm she's incredible/fun like a pro she takes off her dress/She kicks you down in her snow white pumps/Just remember it was me who found the lumps."

Musically, the dichotomy appears via the guitar wrangling of the only male contingent to the group, Eric Erlandson, and the rock of Gibraltar 4-string of Jill Emery and Caroline Rue on the drums. Where Courtney's lyrics and vocal style make changes in volume and intensity go to the melodies by creating grating, surging hooks backed by structured, lush refrains. These characteristics are brought out on songs like "Berry," with its choppy inward-stretching riffs and deliberately slow and painful chorus and "Pretty on the Inside," the aggressive, go-for-the-throat approach that slips into the trippy 13th Floor Elevators style of the last track, "Clouds."

A witness of Hole's live show, myself included, knows that each song in itself is an emotional release fueled by angst and frustration that only musicians like Hole could spew forth because they have lived it. It is bands like them (and Minneapolis) Babes In Toyland that can turn a song like "Whole Lotta Love" into a whole lot of pent-up angst, anger and aggression. Words to the wise, I say, Bryce Dunn

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Abolition
(Soleilmoon)
Abolition is a compilation of the now deleted *You Be We've Got Something Against You* and *Fight* compilations. This is a fairly good CD that's pretty middleground—it is neither astoundingly amazing or blatantly bad: it's just good—although it could've definitely included more info on the bands and release dates of the cuts.

Some of the more interesting cuts are: Fini Tribe's "All Fours," which has both a melancholic quality and great percussion; Current 93's "Holy Holy Holy," a gospel song about watching Christ die overlaid with a sample of "Good Morning, Young Prince," complete with thumping church organs; and "Work-corp" by In the Nursery, which is heavier and more ominous than most recent work and features a repetitive beat and militaristic live drums. The weakest track is by Pink Industry, which is way too wimpy, but is made up for by the peaceful ambience of

Zoviet France and Hula.
June Scudler

PRONG Prove Me Wrong (Sony)

This is the quality album I was expecting Metallica to come out with. While Hetfield and company have chosen the well-trodden mass popularity ground, Prong remain true to the ethic of progress. This trio, while shimmering in the howls of Noo Yawk City, have produced their fourth album of non-conformist metal, slathered with their trademark scummy, chunky guitars and lethal, voice of God drums. Former bassist Mike Kirkland has been replaced by Troy Groroy (ex-Flotsam & Jetsam), rounding out the bottom.

Prong's trademark is the unusual trio that you encounter with most metal bands, a result of their past experience with grunge kings Swans (drummer Ted Parsons drummed on Children of God) and other New York noise influences. The songs on *Prove Me Wrong* mostly concern themselves with rebellion and disorientation with anything and everything.

There is a big dose of power in the songs, especially "Unconditional," "Tom Between," and "Conradations." There is a nod to the past in their cover of The Stranglers' "Grip" and a steamin' instrumental with the cheese title of "Territorial." There is not enough of the sonic blasts I loved on "Force Fed," but it is also obvious that Prong are taking the cliché that metal has become and turning it into a much more relevant music.

Mofo

GODFLESH Slave State (Relativity/Eraclote)

This is incredible stuff—harsh, harsh, full of anger, the fury of metal on metal—an almost perfect hybrid of technology and guitar, with more emphasis on technology. This is definitely for folks who think electronics means Depeche Modest. "Slaterman" and "Wound 91" are too metallic for my palate, but as they are at the end of the album, I can always skip 'em.

My fave tracks are the title tracks (all three versions), "Someone, Somewhere, Scamed," and the 12 minute opus "Perfect Skin dub." They're supposedly touring with Ministry on the North American leg of their tour; the mind boggles at seeing these two bands together.

June Scudler

BULLET LA VOLTA Swandive (BMG)

Bullet La Volta: who are they and where do they fit into the general scheme of things?

Well, they're five guys out of Boston; they wear suits (or so the picture in *Swandive* would have us believe) and they rock pretty hard. You get the sense that this is important to them, that if nothing else, they wanted an album that "kicked."

And "kick" *Swandive* does, but not in any new or memorable way.

"Sunshine" is slightly-above-average thrash and "My Prozac-Spot" sounds like Metallica (no melody to speak of, shrapnel-like rhythm guitar). The drums hammer the point home and the lead guitar squeals up the scales, if given half a chance. Yuck! Gripe, vocals, dig into his bag of tricks for metal shrieks and punk maris. His angry vocals (you'd be angry too if your name was Yuck! Gripe) infuse the whole thing with a punk energy that no amount of thrashing drums and lightning-quick guitar scales could.

Unfortunately, Metallica-type rhythm guitar rears its ugly head all over the place, usually at odds with the pop hooks that sometimes find their way into a song. The hooks themselves sound out of place, as though Todd Rundgren had snuck into the studio while the boys were out.

Well okay, it's not that bad, and sometimes the songs really work, "Ceiling Life," "Forintance," and "Before I Fall." But too often the songs rock at the expense of the song itself. Too many drastic verses and lyrics about imminent self-destruction anchor the tunes when they could fly.

These guys are desperate to rock, and who can blame them? There's enough limprusted, panty-waist music out there to fuel an entire industry—Hell, it's happening—and something has to be done about it. Unfortunately, the La Volta end up suffering post-*band's* Addiction syndrome: taking themselves too seriously, and thinking they can make the world safe for tedious guitar solos. One last note, the La Volta are from Boston, so there is a Pixies connection...they are thanked in the credits, as are Buffalo Tom, Jawbox, Volcano Suns, Mudhoney, Soundgarden and the Red Hot Chili Peppers (just kidding). And hipsters will want to take note that Pixie/Breeder Kim Deal contributes whispy backup vocals to *Swandive*.

How does that one go again? Oh yeah, it's the one with backup vocals by Kim Deal... Shawn Conner

WEIRD PAUL Lo Fidelity, Hi Anxiety (Homestead)

Hear Weird Paul play the accordion! Hear Weird Paul play the guitar and one of those little Sunday school organs with the pre-set chord buttons! Hear Weird Paul and his friend Manny sing "Are We So Bored" while trashing Paul's mom's basement! Hear Paul play with some of his punk rock friends! In fact, on his album, *Lo Fidelity, Hi Anxiety*, hear Weird Paul do just about everything!

Who is Weird Paul? The next George Michael? The next Brian Auger? Hardly. In fact, I haven't a clue who he is. What first prompted me to listen to this album was, upon turning the cover over and seeing a picture of Weird Paul, realizing with horror that he looks just like I did in high school—total dweebchick (with all due respect)! In fact he looks so much like I did that at first I was quite disturbed. Upon listening to the album, however, I decided that in fact a big difference exists be-

tween us. Weird Paul is musically talented.

Now, a lot of odd recordings slide across the ol' review desk here at *Discorder/CITR*. Some are inventive, some are contrived, and some are just plain strange. A lot of bands like to use silly or goofy titles to catch your attention (next to covers and profanity the best bet), but fail to deliver in the song. This is where Weird Paul triumphs. Whether a tender ballad about a fly drowning in his drink, or a psychological introspection piece about unconsciously acting like Mel Tormé all the time, Weird Paul gives it his soulful best. But the range of his

topics does not end there; he covers such diverse things as Coming of Age ("Tom ate a Banana," a tale of a friend who ate a banana with the sticker still on and that becomes a man), or a comment on Life Values ("Scott Baio was seen at the Legendary Pink Dot Convenience Store Buying 12 cans of Tuna and a Carton of Cigarettes," a tune concerning life after fame. Also indulged are issues of Esoterics ("Simulated Wood"), Violence ("Give Me Your Lunch Money"), Disgusting Things ("Pieces of Meat in the Tang"), and even a bit of hardcore, screaming surrealism, a nine second ditty about his dad's test. What says Weird Paul

apart from other pretenders to weird-dom is, and his friends who help him out, give it their heartfelt best. Most of these songs are memorable for that reason. Some you could almost whistle at work and drive everyone nuts.

So, what does the future hold for Weird Paul? Sure, he may not have a voice like Brian Adams or the charm of Kevin Costner, but he wouldn't take no damn lip from Madonna either! In fact, he's probably writing a little ditty about her. And to truly make it a sweeter, he'd play it on that little Sunday school organ. Weird Paul, you're a kindred spirit!
J. Boldt

MOFO'S PSYCHOTRONIC RECORD PIX 'O THE MONTH

This month I turn up a slab o' vinyl (yes, only vinyl can count) which is as cheesy as everyone would expect it to be. Before he became the Sultan o' Sappines, Lionel Ritchie was in the Commodores, one of the many ersatz post Motown, pre-disco soul bands (which also included limp noodles like Earth, Wind and Fire, The Ch-iles and BT Express) that peppered the charts in the early '70s. Cheapness was *de rigueur* and, apparently, quantity replaced quality as squads of eight or more vocalists took it off how they wanted to do something freaky to you or how much fun it was working in the car wash (as it).

The Commodores first LP had more of its quota of uselessness, BUT, its one shining moment is "Brick House." A steaming pile of funk, laden with trademark '70s overproduction, this song is so creepily catchy you will be going "Shaka-down, Shaka-down-now" after the first listen. Lotsa comedown value too, since this song is totally concerned with the size of this girl's hoooters!!

Here's a few other gems from the dark age of soul: SPENNER—Rubberband Man, Games People Play WAR—Low Rider (but you all know this already!) OHIO PLAYER—Fire, Love Rollercoaster
NEXT MONTH: The '70s TV hunks do the vinyl thang.

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**Jonestown Punch
Bone Club
Stab
Cruel Elephant
Friday October 4**

The original line-up for that evening was supposed to read with the inclusion of Fat Tuesday and the Wheat Chiefs but rumours has it that Chi Pig phoned the Chiefs with threats of slashing his wrists...erum...I mean dead, if they didn't let him join yet another band that is so much better than his last musical vehicle - that of which was a Pinto - The Wongs. So, the Chiefs and Chi were at a suicidal stand off until the few hours of the morning with reconciliation coming in the form of an SNFU reunion tour. No shit!

Hi Tuesday? "Who the hell are Fat Tuesday," I was quoted as saying all night. Nobody really had any great insight into this question except for one Helen G: gentle, regal host of Dog's Breakfast with a voice so angelic it makes all the little boys at Cargo Records turn into Play-Doh. Helen was sporting a newly shaved nape and to touch it was sensually erotic. She informed me that Fat Tuesday is the day preceding Ash Wednesday, which is in fact part of the most important week of the year to the Christian faith—concluding with Easter Sunday (The Resurrection). So, Fat Tuesday aka. Shrove Tuesday derived its name because it was the day when the people refrained from eating meats, vegetables and food of substance all to use up their flour, fats etc. Ergo, pancakes!

Now because Fat Tuesday cancelled we can theoretically assume that they would have sounded like pancakes? wrote songs about pancakes? ate pancakes? and formed a band with the original intent to call themselves Christmas Eve. However, realizing that this would have been an even stupider name stuck with this futile attempt at being witty/punny and chose Fat Tuesday. Real men eat crepes boys!

Now it's dark.
The only good thing about Jonestown Punch happened to be their name. You would assume that with such a cool name this band would have a lot of original stuff to offer. Not so. Jim Jones is rolling in his

grave knowing that these guys escaped the wrath of his killer Kool-Aid. Never before have I witnessed such a flagrant mis-use of talent. What leaves me even more aghast is the rumour that women line the stage for these guys, in Punch's hometown of Calgary, to ogle, grope and do what young hormone driven girls do. Once again a fine display by the youth of today beseeching to photography icons.

Next on the bill was Minneapolis' next best thing since Hüsker Dü, Bone Club. These guys proved just how easy it is to be original and laughed in the face of SUB POP and hardcorefunk all the while. Not an easy feat, these guys are making superstars, or reasonable facsimiles, of a lot of artists who perfected their craft over the years. However, at this point Bone Club could blow many of the major label heavyweight out of the water. Take the hyperactive sound of, say, Soundgarden, Pearl Jam or Temple of the Dog and mutate it as it goes on a long drive from the Northwest through the grainbelt to Minneapolis. Add a dash of angst from bitterly cold winters and you got Bone Club. You got a distinctively original sound too. There's not a lot of ego with this band; no posing and they thankfully refrain from using their hairs as whips. Just 4 guys playing their guts out for you and caring less whether you enjoy it or not—although, deep down, they probably wouldn't take offense to you purchasing their new CD *Blas This*. The Crant (cruel elephant) was the home for Bone Club's first Canadian gig, on that, which will see them doing some time in Germany and back home by Christmas. Finally, a breath of fresh air in a noise zone saturated with homogenized sounds. After a short but screaming set Bone Club humbly left the stage with nary an inkling of how many new fans have joined the exclusive Bone Club.

But like staring at a total solar eclipse all good things must come to an end and the stage was unfortunately taken by Stab (formerly, Government Issue). Yet another post-punk skate band from Bronto years trying to rekindle their lost youth and find an audience that remembers them. Well, had anyone remembered them

they would have been embarrassed to admit it. Just what the doctor ordered: clean, pristine, Pop Tart tunes played by the Knack of the 90's for young liberals everywhere. Okay, they weren't as bad as Jonestown Punch but somebody should tell these guys that Frank Zappa is running for the '92 primaries...nuff said.

Scouter

**Front 242
Commodore
Saturday October 5**

People were really confused at this show; somebody should've broke the news that this wasn't a hardcore gig. The audience can't really be blamed for reacting in this way as 242 played like a hardcore band, albeit without the guitars.

Have to admit, though, I kinda missed the little mowhaws, but they did have sunglasses and, yes, they all sort of look the same; clones, perhaps? The evening was heavy on *Tyraney For You* and the songs were pretty similar to the record, but what kept it interesting was Richard 23's percussive work. He was really amazing, being that enthusiastic after being on the road for nine months is astounding.

The crowd, a mix of 'alternative' and 729 types, went predictably nuts for the encore of "Welcome to Paradise." 242 was certainly a lot more energetic than I expected.

June Scudeler

**The Pogues
PNE Gardens
Saturday 5 October**

The Pogues had an awful lot to answer for heading into their show on October 6th at the P.N.E. Gardens. Without frontman Shane McGowan, could they maintain the sound that made them famous? Was inviting the venerable Joe Strummer to replace McGowan akin to admitting the band was done as far as forging new musical ground goes? Could another vocalist do justice to McGowan's songs? Well, the answers that were revealed at the show are all affirmative.

The show on Saturday night proved one thing that should have been obvious to anyone that thought about it. The things that make the Pogues sound original, for the most part, do not depend on Shane McGowan. The incorporation of ethnic instrumentation is what really makes the Pogues unique, not McGowan's voice, cool as it may sound. Their sound is defined by the accordion of James Fearley, the tin whistle of Spider Stacy, the banjo of Fin Finner, and the mandolin of Terry Woods. And all these elements were in great form at the show, as was especially apparent on the instrumental the band did, like "Gridlock" and "Planky Noel Hill," which were uniformly excellent. I was especially impressed with Fearley's work at the show. He's got to be the only stick-kicking accordion player around (or the Eddie Van Halen of the accordion, if you need a *Guitar Magazine* type of endorsement).

Now, the show also proved another thing: that the Pogues are in serious trouble as far as new ideas go. McGowan has always been the

group's dominant songwriter, and I don't think it's assuming too much to say that his presence made the band a little more unpredictable. And boy, if there is one thing the Gardens's show wasn't, it was unpredictable. I was very, very disappointed by the set list which "contained all your favorites of yesterday and today." Yep, they opened with "If I Should Fall From Grace With God," and went on to play "Sick Bed of Callachlan," "Body of an American," "Sunshine of the Street," "Yeah Yeah Yeah," "Turkish Song of the Damned," and a bunch of others you just knew they were gonna play. Now, that's OK, I've got nothing against hearing a band play a bunch of their best known songs at a concert. But the general predictability of the choice of originals was really amplified by the choice of cover versions. I mean, in Joe Strummer you've got a man with ten solid albums of seminal material behind him, and what do we get as his input into the show? "I'll Brand New Cadillac," "London Calling," and "I Fought the Law." Great songs, sure, but pretty goddamn obvious choices, too. Why not some stuff they hadn't done before, especially with regards to covers. There was a Steve Earle cover called "Johnny Come Lately" that was new to my ears, but it didn't really make up for the fact that I had to listen to four songs ("I Fought the Law," "Brand New Cadillac," "London Calling," and "Johnny Come Lately") that, quite frankly, I was sick of in the tenth grade.

Still, the show was a good one. It is always aesthetically pleasing to see a great big band (the Pogues had eight members) up on the stage. The band was fairly active in moving around the stage, and kept the sober, all ages crowd fairly active as well. Joe Strummer did a nice job on most of his parts: he still has a lot of stage presence (although I suspect of Joe is having a contest with Mick Jones to see who looks dumber in a baseball cap) and the rest of the band did a nice job of picking up for McGowan's absence. "Body of an American" and "Turkish Song of the Damned" were the only two songs where McGowan's presence was really missed. It sounded weird to have somebody else sing "Sick Bed of Callachlan" and "Dirty Old Town," what with instrumentation that was identical to the album versions, but Strummer didn't try to imitate McGowan, and those two songs were highlights of the evening.

Strummer seemed a little more comfortable with the more recent Pogues songs, especially those from *Hell's Ditch*, but after all, he produced *Hell's Ditch*, and ought to be more intimate with it's material. The

only points of miscommunication between Strummer and the band came on "Rain Street" and "Fiesta," but that was of no matter, really. Philip Chevron did a very nice vocal on "Thousands are Sailing," and Terry Woods' vocals were credible on the songs he replaced Shane for, most notably on "Medley." The overall impression was that, for this tour, the Pogues are quite capable of doing without Shane McGowan.

The long term synopsis for the band, I fear, is not so healthy. Apparently, the date of the concert coincided with the 9th anniversary of the bands first gig. (Strummer even got the audience to sing "Happy Birthday.") And nine years is maybe too long to expect a band to keep evolving, especially when that band relies so heavily on a boozehound like Shane McGowan for written material. The only new stuff that showed up in the show was the aforementioned Steve Earle tune, and an instrumental. Not a good sign. But, the fact remains that the Pogues, with or without Shane McGowan, are a really good band that can, and did, put on a strong show based solely on the past. If their best stuff is behind them, so be it. Judging from the reaction the near-sell out crowd gave to the Clash (and Bobby Fullin) and Stones covers, that's just fine with the paying customers.

Chris Urran

**Allen and the Psychos
TRUK
GoGuy
Tonight Zone
Wednesday October 7**

The gig got off to a slow start we found because Moisty's (a member of GoGuy) grandpa had to em-broder GoGuy on his baseball cap. It was a good thing for me though because I got off work at nine. GoGuy showed a lot of potential to really go somewhere in some

songs such as the funky "Disco Rules," energetic "Too Few Dimes" and an awe inspiring one called "The Room." Yet, some of the songs had less energy and sounded like the Northern Pike. One member of the group said later that it was hard for them to pull together because he was literally getting electric shocks on stage. They pulled it off, just barely, but their different sound and talent do have potential.

TRUK was alright—quite hardcore at times. The skindancer's mic was drowned out by the loud guitar most of the time. Many songs sounded tight, but a few had a long way to go. They got a positive response from the crowd with an encore.

Allen and the Psychos—well what can one say, lots of raging, thrashing energy brought about by the lead singer who was wearing a dress of someone's grandma (this gig had a lot to do with grandma) and ripped shirts repaired with a lot of duct tape. A month finally started and fun was had by all who attended. And remember: support your local hardcore scene.

Coral Short

**Down By Law
Klingpin
Mushroom Trail
Facepupper
Club Soda
Tuesday October 8**

Having never been to Club Soda before I found it quite odd that a band like Down By Law would choose, whether or not by their own free will, to play in a club which sports air-brushed caricatures of Poison and Dick Row and a VJ announcer who sounded like he graduated from the Dick Clark/Caskey Kasem School of Broadcasting. Nonetheless, I overcame these idiosyncracies and waited patiently, watching Metallica on the big screen,

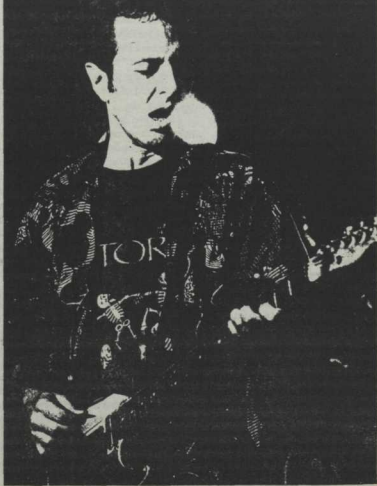


photo by Leon Whitaker

BY TARA SLOAN

Welcome to the Future Rap zone! Yes, some absolutely dope music has entered my ears...

Public Enemy #11 That's right! From DeJann comes the latest release, *Apocalypse 91: The Enemy Strikes Back*. There are 14 slammin' tracks on this CD. Some of the issues mentioned are: alcoholism, abolition of the words "Yo Nigga," and Flavor Flav dissin' the New York Post for interfering in his personal affairs. Which they, the Post, incidentally printed with incorrect information! Yes, this CD contains explicit lyrics and strikes black with great force. "Can't Trust It" is a song about the many slaves aboard the ships and tells of the rough conditions the slaves had to endure. Chuck D's lyrics are indeed powerful. He definitely gets certain statements across that his sooo hard you almost feel a hand reach out and slap ya! Nevertheless, this is a "must-have," if you are a P.E. fan. Terminator X continues to rip shit up, Flavor moves into more serious rhymes, Chuck D hits harder than hard, and Sister Souljah (the newest member of Public Enemy) gets her two words in too. I am disappointed though that this lady (Sister Souljah) does not appear on the cover of the release, seeing as she is a member of the group! "Bring the Noise" (featuring Anthrax) appears at the end and explodes into a mad frenzy! Some stompin' tunes are, "Nightrain," "11 Million Boolebags," "How to Kill a Radio Consultant," and "A Letter to the New York Post." Somebody's definitely done their research and are kickin' the real knowledge that needs to be taught!

Queen Latifah has come out with her newest *Nature O'J A Stit*, a Tommy Boy release. Latifah continues to use her smooth-flowin', elevated intellect. Her crisp voice delivers many different styles. There's some singin' and swingin', and reggae bringin' her music to that other level. Latifah speaks with authority and much confidence. She says she hates the commercial stuff but isn't she... Oh well... Unity is discussed in an upbeat tune called "Love Again." There's singin' in this hit too. It seems as though Queen Latifah has come to a sort of peace within herself. The CD seems to reflect an open love for the souls of the people,

and a concern for the lack of love many have towards each other. Naughty By Nature and members from Main Source help produce this 12 track CD. Latifah takes part in doing production, as well as mixing several tracks. House music, along with plenty of horns, smooth reggae rhymes, soul singin', and flavor-filled tracks make up this CD. "Peace, Unity, Love and Havin' Fun" is what this Queen is all about!

A dose of positivity on the scene? Yeah, you got it! H.E.A.L. (Human Education Against Lies), a group of famous rap artists, have released a CD called *Civilizations vs. Technology*. "Heal Yourself" includes such artists as: Harmony, Kid Capri, Big Daddy Kane, Freddy Foxxx, L.L. Cool J., MC LYTE, Queen Latifah, KRS-ONE, Ms. Melodie, Run-DMC, and Jam Master Jay. This compilation contains a mixture of rap and reggae by both male and female. A song that caught my attention was by Ms. Melodie called "Anti-Ho" where, at the end, KRS-ONE talks of how when too Short comes on the set all the girties run to the stage and scream "We love you too Short," at the same time he is cussing at them and calling the ladies bitches and ho's. Heather B has a release on this 13 track CD. It's titled "Don't Hold Us Back." This tune expresses Heather B's concern over the issue of woman being repressed by men in today's society. Surprisingly, Billy Bragg appears on this CD as well. The beats are pretty kickin' but it is the messages that really throw down and make you think. Another cool hit is "Family Get." Get, Bury," that features Salt'n'Papa and many other rappers... Heal yourself.

Naughty By Nature's self-titled 12 track release has just busted out recently! "Yoke The Joker" is the first song, which is rough, tough, explicit, and even a bit crude, in favour. This song is truly not like the next track, "Wicked Man Alive," where Latifah rhymes some flowin' reggae style. The dance floor hit "O.P.P." appears on this Tommy Boy CD. One track I found extremely hard-hittin' is "Chetto Bastard." I think the title is self-explanatory. Quite touching actually! The production is done by the

members of Naughty By Nature, with Queen Latifah mentioned as one of the three executive producers. "Guard Your Grill" is pretty dope. Naughty By Nature's style varies from reggae chorus, to long-flowin' lyrical lashings, to past-level-headed words to tough, rude 'n' crude bitches' ballistics. These Boyz have quite the "Naughty" mouth as portrayed in a funk'n' hit called "Strike A Nerve." Naughty By Nature has got the Flavouri!! Word.

Remember those two girls who backed up M.C. Hammer? Well in case you don't, they're called **Oaktown's 357**. Their first cassette didn't seem to make it very far. (It was kinda...wack!) But now Oaktown's 357 has gotten a face lift, sort of. I'm sitting here listenin' to the tracks and not enjoying it one bit...The productions is all jazzed up and R+B ballistics is inserted in certain spots. "It's Really Goin' On" isn't too bad 'cause it's not some mushy love ballad that doesn't hit-it's definitely a houseparty hit. Aungh! The invasion of M.C. Hammerhead!! No, he doesn't appear courtesy of nobody, but his racket, its style and beats, and backup rapper, is an influence that's not positive. "Respect" is an almost dope track. Knowledge is being dropped and respect is due to these 2 for trying to improve the conditions among the people of today's society. "We must respect each other in the world we live in." It's the message being taught. Go! Go! Go! "Load the 3.5.7." has a hittin' bass drum and the lyrics are spoken sharply. But the backup hysteria ruins the tune. Track 13, "Use What We Got" has singin' in it. I just don't like these girls. They have improved but don't seem to have their own style or their own lyrical input.

Now here's what I like to see: "Written, produced, and arranged," by A Tribe Called Quest. The mellow rhythms begin right from the first tune. High hats, basic bass lines and original native notes are voiced. "Butter" is a song to think about. Phife complains about black girls trying to look fly by puttin' in blue contacts, gettin' extensions, and dying their hair. The Tribe talks of "Show Business" and what it takes to make it. Lessons are gettin' spread around. (Obviously from personal experience.) It's about gettin' scammed, live shows, record deals, and content for the low-salariest, iste gettin' signed. "Do You Wanna Be In the Business?" is the question they are askin'. Next the Tribe describes "The Infamous Date Rape." The 12 appears here... Check The Rhyme. It's a right. Basically Tribe Called Quest is using the same style of rhyme they are known for. But personally I think the last CD, *People's Instinctive Travels and the Paths of Rhythm* was a better album with more variety. Phife does, in this 1991 CD, happen to say in his paragraph on the inside of the cover, "to Vanilla Ice, F*ck You." Hmmmm... is this the start to static? I doubt it!

From the Black Watch comes *Queen Mother Rage* with *Vas-glourious Law*. Smooth, intelligent lyrics are spread; funky vibes are shaking; and "To Be Real" lets Queen Mother Rage deliver her messages quickly. These messages in-

clude her saying "A black man needs a black woman..." and for the black ladies not to have blurry vision and try to make "Self pretty for the white man's attention." In the song "Path of the Mad," this Queen discusses

the end of his lines.

Here's something to get the mind tickin'. "Original Man was Black, in the continent called Africa, where the human race had emerged on the planet Earth..." (Taken from



being in control of oneself and one's actions. There are ten tracks all dealing with information directed to the black men and black women's ears. Professor X appears, in every track without exception, to school the listener some more. Roots, the past, the future, and the existence of all is shared. Queen Mother Rage speaks in a low, rollin' voice that trails off at

the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* as told to Alex Haley, 162)

I took a quick listen to B.G., *The Prince of Rap*, *The Power of Rhythm*, but disappointedly discovered that the majority of the 13 songs are housey-filled with happy love ballads like, "Wishing For Your Love," which includes that lady that seems to sing chorus for everybody's

his. There's a lot of samples, that lady hook-sucking and yab-ing all over the damn place. The lyrical content isn't. Dance! Dance! Dance! If you like dance then maybe B.G. is up to your taste but I don't hear much happiness from this boyce.

What else is new? Well Smooth B and Greg Nice (Whore & Smooth), have come out with a 12 tune CD called, *Ain't a damn Thing Changed*. Singin' again? Not only is it harmonizing, but it's really painfully off-key. "Cake & Eat It Too" is indeed hard to listen to. Why sing if you can't? Better still why sing? This is 'posed to be rap isn't it? What column am I writing here? R&B Hammer Jammin' Bull****, or dope, slamm'n', pimp-strut rhythm hitin' sh!t! Huh? No, No, this is all wrong, let me move along. Check Hey! "Hip, hop Junkies," is a dance hit that's currently playin' in the Dance Halls. Fuck This!

Piles n' Piles n' Piles of new 12's. So many in fact that I know I can't possibly mention all. Here's some new names to look out for: Lady Fresh, Black Sheep, MC Peaches, Tim Dog, Javier & the StarJacks, Don Q, BFM, 44 Max, success'n effect, MC Breed & D.F.C., Sweetest, Capitol Punishment, Dosta Crew, U Know Who, First Star, Lance Romance, Zahra, The Don, and a new 12" from Hen-Gee & Evil E.

Increase the Peace! As for the #1 rapper this month, let's take it as a group effort and say Public Enemy! Peace and I'm out!

go for

Soda!

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 681-8202

BY FELICITY DUNBAR



Oh-blah-dee, oh-blah-dahl! Life goes on... aigh. Sure do wish it was December now. Ooooooh, I can't wait 'cause I've been a-hinting to Uncle Alfred that that shiny purple vinyl 45 carrying case I spotted in the window of ol' Blackie's Five & Dime the other day sure would suit my glamorous *Disorder* columnist image scads better than my frayed green corduroy bag with orange fringe. But it's only November, and I must be patient. In the meantime, let's peek into my old mossy sack and see what's there... What ho! It's a *Moss* loon single (Vermis Seum). When I received this gem much to my dismay, the cover looked like it had gotten dunked in a puddle or something. Luckily tho' the record came out unscathed. I sat in my room and played the two songs, "Memorial" and "Moth," over and over. Good head bobbing ditties to play over and over... Ooh baby, hold me back. El Vez has a record out now "Esta Bien Mamacia"/"En El Barrio" (Simpatico Por el Industrio). Oh, he's just sooooo suave. Ooooooh he's "The Mexican Elvia." Somewhere I know a black velvet painting of his lovely visage is gracing someone's wall. Oh El Vez, you just make my heart go all boomplify. I swoon. I swoon... And what about those lanky Boyfriends (C&P Records)? The jiggle boys named this band as "possibly the new Sockeyes." And with twisted songs like "Sex Trash," "Muffin" and "Frank's Mom," yup, I guess so. I figure tho' if your boyfriend is icky, damn! get rid of him, but keep his record 'cause the jiggle boys don't lie. And besides, the hand-drawn portrait of the lankies on the back of the sleeve really looks like

Singer's voice is almost as well as Mr. T Experience Singer's voice... But hold on a sec! More bloopy swirly vinyl, same as PopDefect's. Must have been a sale. Cool vinyl aside, the Tommyknockers' *Nolay Beast 7* (Dionysus) is one of those records that doesn't really knock you over and onto your bum with a first listen. There are screams on the title song that just don't belong there; the B-side however called "Memento Cere" is far superior. Isn't it weird how lately so many B-sides are better than their respective A-sides? At least I think so... Looks like *Black Angels' Death Song* (Dionysus) didn't get in on that vinyl super sale: instead their record sports a Lemon Pluff/Banana Pine-apple Taffy lusc, and some well-placed and well played tambourine. And look here, another example of my B-side/A-side theory! B-side "What Do You Mean?" has a nice

kind of dast, moodily quality to it to match the deep purple sleeve... Apart from the really rather unflattering black and white photo of the Electric Ferraets on the sleeve, this is a pretty neat punchy rock 3-song EP (Dionysus). There's a tune called "My Son Calls Another Man Daddy" that recounts a highly emotional tale you'd more often find being sung with a slow country/western-y twang... With few other lyrics other than the title "Wow," *Hypnoticwheel's 7* (Alto) is full of charm and fun seasawing between rocking guitars and boppy plink-plunk guitars... Speaking of charm, finally another record by Courtney Love. Ever since that one with "Unscrupulous" on it came out I've been eagerly searching for more. This one, called "Highlights," is Vol. XXII in the International Pop Underground Series (K). It gets the prize for best-cover-art-of-the-month: simple colour blocks of rosy red, craner pink, and mango orange. Simple poppy music. By the way, this Courtney Love is Patrick Maley and Lois Maffeo (not Hole singer Courtney Love)... Speaking of Patrick Maley, the *McTells 7* was engineered by this very same fellow and produced by Calvin (K). This record is supposedly a split

single with *The Supersonic Butcher Bitches* 'cept on "advice from Russell Mummy, tuned all their drums and guitars so high that you can't hear shit!" So say the record intent. Nice guy Maz Mummy handed this 7 to Nardwar saying, "Here's some product from my label Four-Letter Words." Thank you very much... Oh wait, here's another one-sided single that just plopped in my mailbox. It's "107" by Zippun (eMpTy) that threatens to put a fist in yer eye, ear, nose, and throat. You can't get it unless A.) you're ordering something else from eMpTy or B.) you're under 21 and visit Fallout Records in Seattle (or if you're an old fart, ask someone nicely who is to go for you)... More from Seattle, *The Gits* have followed up their Precious Blood 7" with another entitled *Spear & Magic Helmet* (eMpTy). I've said it before and I'll say it again, *Mia Zapata* has an amazing voice. Amazing... Oh before I go, your attention please! I gotta say that Portland, OR's Imp Records wins the most-betst-package-I-received-this-month award with records by *Crackerbush*, *Madwimin's*, and *Oswald Five-O*. To start off, ummm, I'd give "Walk Back," an 85 because I can dance to it! It's one of the songs on *Crackerbush's* beautiful 7". Well, maybe beautiful ain't quite the right word for it. These here are some pretty heavy and scary, yet catchy, tunes that seem real loud even when played at a low volume. Lock yourself in the bathroom and play this record LOUD 'cause, as you know, the acoustics in there are excellent... Didya also know that *Madwimin's* 3-song EP was produced right here in Vancouver at Profile Studios and has spooko cover art and features one damn wicked rumbling song in "Wild Bill." Now you do... Didya also know that on *Oswald Five-O's 7*", their vocalist sounds like he's swinging by a rope holding on for dear life as he sings about "A Love Supreme" and squirming around on the floor as he sings "Crushproof." All three records gave me the creeps... Plus, didya also know that Mr. Imp Records is the same guy who puts out *Vicious Hippies* from Panda Hell fanzine, which some day will be mentioned in *Sazzy* if it hasn't already. Uh huh... 'kay, so it seems to have been the month of segues for Felicity. Each record review just flowed into the next didn't it huh? Well okay, not really, but I tried.



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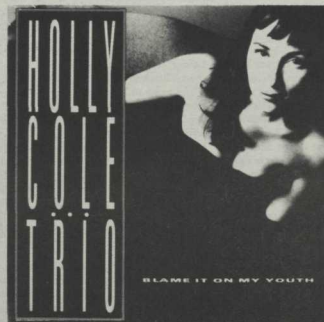
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How To Get Rich Overnight: Some Sure-fire Ideas.

By Chris Uren

Tom Vu, as we all know, is full of shit. He charges tons of dough to tell you how to make money, and I'll bet his bill doesn't even include Ed Backy's (member Ed Backy?) another pretender. After renting half an hour of TV airtime that by rights ought to be devoted to Hogan's Heroes or something good, Ed had this hard-hitting advice for getting rich.

"You watch what the poor people do, and you don't do it." Thanks, Ed, I'll stop all that dumpster diving right away.

No, these guys are duds. If you want to make real money, I'm your man. Here is a list of actual, tangible items that will make money. And I'm not asking for a red cent. Because more than just being ingenious items, popularly demanded (even if the population doesn't know it yet), the following are items that the world desperately needs.

1. The Convertible Winnebagos.

What could say "I've got an enviable lifestyle" better than a convertible Winneago. Imagine roaring down the Interstate with dandruff infested, rapidly disappearing hair a-blowin' in the wind, while you sit twenty feet above all the other travelling suckers with a fridge, bunk bed and working sink. A vision options like hot-tubs, satellite dishes and fake gas fireplaces for the convertible Winneago. Christ, if people are willing to believe that beer gets them hot chicks, just think what the idea of working on your ass while sitting in a hot-tub and watching the Playboy channel as you motor from Cleveland to Pittsburgh would do to the babes in these idiots' minds. Now, I know that some people are worried about the technical aspects of the Convertible Winneago, but rest easy. If they can build a Skydome, they can build a convertible Winneago. It's the same idea. You know, take an already weird idea, like the original Winneago or the domed baseball stadium, and give it a roof that retracts. And, really, proof of this baby's marketability is the popularity of the Skydome. Also, it could be sold with a catchy slogan like "for retirees that want to live a little."

2. Black Velvet paintings of Jesus on the Cross.

This one, quite frankly, is only logical. See, lots of people buy Black Velvet paintings of Elvis. And let's face it, to these people Elvis has gone far beyond being just a lard-assed rock star. To them, Elvis is a religious icon. So why not put a real, bonafide religious icon on a black velvet painting. Also, my sharp marketing eye has noticed a trend among the targeted consumer. There is a tendency for people with marble lions at the entrance of their driveways to have a crucifix displayed inside their homes. And, people with marble lions at the entrance to their driveway are also the same people who buy black velvet paintings. So there you go, a natural. If you really wanted to branch out with this one you could make some paint-by-number paintings of Jesus on the

Cross, through which the consumer could have one of those creative/religious experiences like Heinrich Bosch or Michelangelo (the

COLOUR

BY NUMBERS JESUS



1. UNILLUMINATED DIVINE FLUORESCENCE
2. SHAPED-UP DIVINE FLUORESCENCE
3. PAKE GLEESOME GLEAM
4. LIGHT GLEESOME GLEAM
5. NIGHT GLEESOME GLEAM
6. LIGHT GLEESOME GLEAM
7. NIGHT GLEESOME GLEAM
8. NIGHT GLEESOME GLEAM

painter, not the Ninja Turtle).

3. An aquarium that looks like a TV set.

Now, I admit it may be a little difficult to get people to give up watching TV, but I actually have a reason to think this one will work. See, I've watched TV, and I've watched people watch TV, and even my rather low estimation of the "average person" can't convince me that anyone gives a rat's ass about what's on the tube. People like to sit on their couch and stare at that box. So I figure, you keep the box, take out its guts, fill it with water, add some plants and some nice looking little fishies, and who's gonna guess the difference. As a selling point, you could point out that buyers would save on cable and electrical bills. And nobody has ever gone blind by sitting too close to an aquarium. Also, people may be able to achieve a kind of healthy, meditative state if they stare at an aquarium long enough. I don't think healthy meditative state can be achieved while a TV is on. Plus, those of us who aren't enamored with the TV would be spared the obnoxious philosophy TV imparts and which seems to pervade every aspect of society. Yep, aquariums that look like TV's, every home should have one.

4. Videotaped Fireplaces.

Along the same lines as the aquarium/TV set is the videotaped fireplace. You would start by videotaping a warm, toasty fire that was going on in a real fireplace. Then

you could sell the video tape to people that were thinking about buying a fake fireplace. When they watched the ambience of a fire, they could

just pop the tape in the VCR, and presto, instant fake fire. I have some reservations about this one on a social level, though, as fireplace ambience usually affiliated with romantic activity. I'm not sure we want the buyers of videotaped fireplaces trying their hand at the reproductive process. But, in order to be good businessmen and women, we must put social reservations behind us, and forge on in search of profit.

(Ed—Actually, due to an office memo

leak two years ago at Disorder, someone has already implemented Chris' idea of the videotaped fireplace. This leaves you, the reader, with only four ideas left. So act quickly before they all go the way of the taped fireplace.)

5. The Elvis Lawn Ornament

That's Elvis, not elves-elves have been done. Now, granted, this one is a little obvious. You had to know we'd have an Elvis something on this list. But it's a natural. I mean, lawn ornament owners and Elvis lovers are one and the same, are they not? And, the Elvis lawn ornament would have certain qualities that traditional lawn ornaments do not. Right now, you see, I feel that the traditional lawn ornament is really only valuable for its aesthetic qualities. But the Elvis lawn ornament, while holding on to the important aesthetic qualities, would give off some sex appeal. I've had plaster Elvis with his lip curled in that sexy pose that drives the ladies wild. What's more, the Elvis lawn ornament would allow the King's devoted followers to

make tribute to a great, great man in a very public fashion. And there's more. The Elvis lawn ornament would provide security for its owner's home. Think about it, would you break into a house with a three foot plaster replica of the King on the front lawn? No way. I mean, what could possibly be of value in such a house. The real problem with the Elvis making off with the little Elvis. There is also a hidden agenda here. I envision Elvis taking over from the little black guy in a red porter's uniform as a lawn ornament model. And all kidding aside, that's a good thing. I mean, it's usually white trash that buys these things, so why can't they just put one of their own on their lawns, huh? I also think that the characters from those McDonalds ads (you know, Mayor McChese and that purple thing that I think is supposed to be a milkshake), have tremendous potential as lawn ornaments. I know I'd buy one.

Well, that wraps up my marketing suggestions. Sort of. The natural retail forum for these items? Why the Home Shopping Channel, of course. And to promote sale-snuff advertising (where the people in the Workers Compensation ads really do lose their arms, and the people with headaches really do have furniture vests being tightened on their heads).

And if you're sitting there saying "Sure buddy, you could make money selling Elvis lawn ornaments, yeah right," then I say to you this. The guy who thought up those baseball bats with a fake turd on the ball and a caption that reads "SHITHEAD" probably had to face a hoard of doubters too. But he didn't listen to the critics, or overestimate the intelligence of the general populace, and I'll bet he's rolling in the green stuff now.

Here's to ya, buddy.



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FANTASTIQUES AND FABULATION:

Chris Brayshaw meets Clive Barker (again)

Clive Barker's having lunch in the lobby of the Pacific Palisades Hotel when his publicist and I interrupt him. A scheduling problem has given me "Ten minutes maybe," before the *Sun* and *Provincer's* entertainment reporters descend to pick his brains. We relocate to a table at the front of the room where we chat as I set up my recorder and provide him with a transcribed copy of our last conversation together. ("Clive Barker," *Discorder*, April 1990.) By the time his publicist returns, we've discussed his new novel, *Imajica*, a forthcoming children's book, *Everville*, and his continuing dissatisfaction with being typed as "the king of Splatterpunk." The afternoon concludes with a reading at the Vancouver Public Library, where Clive is introduced to the audience by a librarian who attempts to read a publisher's press release without her glasses ("Clive is a writer! And a movie director! And—"), and a signing at the Granville Book Company.

DISORDER: In our last interview, we discussed your reluctance to categorize your fiction as belonging to a particular genre. Is *Imajica* a novel that consciously resists generic classification?

BARKER: I've got a number of things to say [about that]. One of them is related to the business of spreading your audience laterally. There's a whole audience out there that simply says, "I don't care how well horror writers write; I don't care how profound their messages are; I don't read horror fiction; end of story." There's a whole bunch of people I was one of these people for a long time who say, "I don't read science fiction." What's important is that imaginative fiction should reach the largest possible audience possible, and as long as imaginative fiction is locked into very narrow genre definitions, and packaged accordingly, that's not going to happen. So your quintessential horror reader steps into the store, heads for the sign that reads, Horror, walks past all sorts of other material, picks up

the new Stephen King or the new Dean Koontz, and walks out. I don't want to be in that little section marked, Horror. I want to be included with writers of mainstream fiction; that's terribly important to me. I don't want to feel that my work is the exclusive property of the people who read the genres, who will find my material regardless of packaging.

Do you think the success of *Books of Blood* has permitted you to escape classification? Is such an option available to a writer of imaginative fiction breaking into the market today? Sure. It is. And if not, you can fight [classification]. You can say, "No, I don't want that." You may not succeed every time...to some extent it depends upon the kind of fiction you're writing. You asked whether I minded "arriving" as the author of *Books of Blood*. I'm not sure if I'm glad that I'm the godfather of splatterpunk. I did that seven years ago; it was a tremendous experience. Subsequently, no publisher has come to me and said, "Look, we'd prefer it if you were to go on writing short horror fiction." As long as the books sell, they're content.

Did *Imajica* receive more editing than *The Great and Secret Show*? It seems a much tighter read.

I'm pleased that you say that. *Imajica* is perhaps two-thirds as long as *The Great and Secret Show*, but the scope of its narrative is much greater. *Imajica* is a more European book; in *Show* I was writing about the American scene, and I wanted to write a book which had a populist feel. After all, popular culture was the subject of the book.

To write about it in *Imajica*'s style would have precipitated a clash of form and content. It simply wouldn't have worked. It needed a kind of fluidity, an ease with the language. *Imajica*'s characters are articulate; many characters in the *Show* were woefully inarticulate. *Imajica* is a kind of fiction which has layers to it; it's a series of stories and ideas wrapped around Christian mythology. The language needed something of the cadence of the King James Bible. But at the same time I didn't want to write a book which was stylistically alienating. *Imajica*'s language is clear and direct, but it is also very elegant. I'll be interested to see what the critics make of it.

You're saying that you adopt a particular style for a particular subject

matter. What can we expect from *Everville*, your children's novel? Is there pressure on you to censor or bowdlerize your style, given publishers' reluctance to present anything "questionable" to a young audience?

Everville is most similar to, say, [Ray Bradbury's] *Something Wicked This*

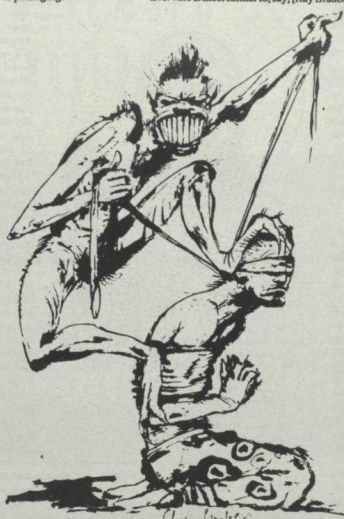
Way Comes. It's more than half finished, and I'm telling it with as much gusto as I know how. So I won't be sanitizing things. If that gets me into trouble, so be it.

The biography on the back of *Imajica* lists you as, among other things, a short story writer. Yet you haven't published any short stories lately—have you given upon the form? No. No, I haven't. But in terms of the amount of work I've been doing, I haven't had time for short fiction. I've just finished a screenplay; *Imajica* was a huge project; *Hellraiser III* is being shot as we speak; a movie called *Candy-*

man, based on a short story of mine called, "The Fortified," is being directed by a man called Bernard Rose [director of an absolutely superb fantasy film called *Paperhouse*; now out on video at Videomatica]; and I'm at work on a top-secret science fiction project for Universal. So movies are currently occupying most of my time.

One final question: If someone had told you seven years ago that you'd be doing all of this today, would you have believed them? I wouldn't have foreseen it. If you'd asked me this question every year, I would have shaken my head and said, "No." My writing experience has been one of following wherever my imagination goes. So all I can do is follow it as relentlessly and religiously as I can.

Illustration by Clive Barker

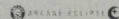


CLIVE BARKER

Writer, Director, Producer
Author of *Books of Blood*
Editor of *Imajica* and *Everville*

CLIVE BARKER, ILLUSTRATION

His signature artwork, from conceptual sketches of scenes and characters, from the surrealistic horror images to the more subtle, the artist's style is a blend of the dark and the light, the grotesque and the beautiful, the grotesque and the beautiful. The artist's style is a blend of the dark and the light, the grotesque and the beautiful, the grotesque and the beautiful. The artist's style is a blend of the dark and the light, the grotesque and the beautiful, the grotesque and the beautiful.



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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
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BY JUDITH BEEMAN

The best way to sum up the words and music of Leonard Cohen is to recall the headline used for a *Cowboy Junkies* review...it went thus...*If it's too quiet, you're too young. Those words, of course, are a jab at that old cliché. If it's too loud, you're too old. words, gulp, some of us once stood by.*

Unfamiliar with his work, I had dismissed Leonard as a mopey depressive and, frankly, was annoyed by Judy Collins' version of "Suzanne." Then in 1986 *Famous Blue Raincoat* was released by Leonard Cohen songs, including her rendition of "First We Take Manhattan" which became a hit. Famous Blue Raincoat also included "Joan of Arc," "Bird on a Wire" and "Coming Back to You." Hearing these songs sung so beautifully—no offense Len—by this woman gave me inspiration to the music.

Cohen had been a star in Europe for years but not so big at home.

The release of his *I'm Your Man* album (88) in Canada changed all that. I took notice of the old smoothy from Montreal. The album is a classic: sex and religion, it's safe to say, are the predominant themes. The lyrics grabbed me, then, turning attention to the singer. I saw that while still melancholy as hell, he had a flair and use of black-humour not noticed before. At 53 he was enjoying the biggest international success of his 32-year career. Maybe he had developed a better sense of humor, maybe he had mellowed out—many people began to "discover" this Canadian legend.

This Fall more people will get the chance to experience the poetry of Cohen through *I'm Your Man*, the recent double-play collection of artists covering his tunes: folk like the Pixies, that Petrol Ensemble, Ian McCulloch, House of Love, Lloyd Cole and Nick Cave. And that's only 6 of the 18 bands involved! As Cohen's recordings run as far back as 1967, this anthology includes cuts

from his entire career including "So long Mariame," "Who by fire," "I can't forget," "Suzanne," and "Chelsea hotel." Compiled by Christian Fevre, editor of French rock mag, *Les Inrockuptibles*, the tape also features artists little known here: Bill Pritchard, Geoffrey Oryema, Dead Famous People and Murat.

At the start of his musical career Cohen's voice was rather Dylan-ish with a folksy twang; his later work portrays a throaty croak, years of age and a poet's life added up. Renditions on *I'm Your Man* run from faithful (John Cale with "Hallelujah") to the downright abstract (Nick Cave's version of "Tower of Song").

Why all the fuss? Leonard Cohen's songs combine confessional lyricism with the sort of melodies you find yourself humming days later. His words could be your words, your thoughts. It may be quiet, but it isn't dull.

The Leonard Cohen Playlist:
selected poetry/recordings/books

The Poet
Let Us Compare Mythologies (56)
Flowers for Hitler (54)
Parasites of Heaven (66)
Selected Poems 56-68 (68) Go for this one! A "greatest hits" of his poetry. If you have that great College Bible, "20th C. poetry and poetics," he's in there too.

The Author
The Favorite Game (63), a young man's coming of age in Montreal.
Beautiful Losers (66), simply put, a mythical love triangle.

The Musician
Songs from a room (69)
Songs of Love and Hate (71)
New Skin for the Old Ceremony (73)
Best of Leonard Cohen (77)
Various Positions (84)
I'm Your Man (88)

The Crooner
Like a bird on the wire
like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free
like a worm on a hook
like a knight from some
old-fashioned book
I have saved all my ribbons
for thee

If I have been unkind
If I hope that you can just let it go by
If I have been untrue,
I hope you know it was
never to you
—excerpt, *Bird on a wire*.



I said to Hank Williams
How lonely does it get?
Hank Williams hasn't
answered yet
but I hear him coughing
all night long,
a hundred floors above me
in the Tower of Song

I was born like this,
I had no choice
I was born with the gift
of a golden voice
and twenty-seven angels
from the Great Beyond,
they tied me to this table right
here in the Tower of Song
—excerpt, *Tower of Song*

The Poet

The reason I write

The reason I write
is to make something
as beautiful as you are

When I'm with you
I want to be the kind of hero
I wanted to be
when I was seven years old
a perfect man
who kills

The music crept by us

I would like to remind
the management
that the drinks are watered
and the hot-check girl
has syphilis
and the band is composed
of former SS monsters
However since it is
New Year's Eve
and I have lip cancer
I will place my
paper hat on my
concussion and dance

American author Edgar Allan Poe was the spook-meister of an era (mid 1800's). His mystery/horror stories have been staples of late night fright for over a Century. And if you haven't read 'em you've probably seen the movies! *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and, my childhood fave, *The Pit and the Pendulum* ('64 dir. Roger Corman, w/Vincent Price) are available on video. There's also the wonderful Alan Parson album, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* which sets *The Raven*, *Cask of Amontillado* and the ever scary *Tell-Tale Heart* to a "rock" soundscape, early copies included a detailed history of Poe and lyric text.

One of Poe's stories dealt with the theme of *Madness, Debauchery and Plague*. This tale, *Masque of the Red Death*, written in 1842 recounts the adventures of the lord Prince Prospero and his band of a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court "who are summoned to the Princes' castle to be sealed in, there's a "Red Death" about this and this move is to protect the healthy and damn the ill. Forever. The story tells of a nights event—a staged masked ball held in seven different rooms, each a different colour. Needless to say, it's pretty intense.

You can discover the *Masque of the Red Death* through the joint effort of grant gallery and the Public Dreams Society who are presenting a multi-media extravaganza at 1460 Burrell Street during the entire month of November. What makes this interpretation special is how the tale, heard in 1991 is an allegory to today's Plague...AIDS. The ideas discussed in Poe's fiction: locking one-self away, ignoring disease and basic selfishness are as timely today as ever. A lively re-telling of a Poe classic with a serious message.

Copies of the story are free on site, performances will be Nov. 1/2, 7/8/9, 14/15/16 at 9 pm with admission set at \$12—come in costume and/or mask and be prepared for powerful theatre and art work. Suffice to say, with 9 Artists, 6 Actors and 4 Musicians, this show is big—big—big. The exhibition is also open daily Tues-Sat. 11-6pm, 1 Leon admission. Go-Go-Gol on till Nov. 30.

PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. Anna Banana, local artist and mail-art aficionado, took the time to write and tell subtext.

Usually, I've got one book on the go, and that's it, aside from a magazine or newsletter. But I'm in a funny place just now. I've recently completed the entire 8 books of Carlos Castaneda's series of adventures with Don Juan, and nothing so compelling has come along to fill the gap.

In the meantime, I have several books on the go at once and they're far from over the spectrum. Certainly the most gripping of these, in terms of conceptual shake-up, is Rupert Sheldrake's *The Presence of the Past*, subtitled *Morphic Resonance and the Habits of Nature*, which challenges our notions of how characteristics, learning, even myth, are passed from generation to generation. Sheldrake, a British biochemist, teaching now, I believe at Cambridge, methodically goes through the theories that science has come up with to explain heredity, shoots holes in them then replaces them with his hypothesis of the "morphic field which contain an inherent memory."

Another of my 'on the go' books, is John Held Jr.'s *MAIL ART: an Annotated Bibliography*. Not exactly a gripping tale, it's definitely an 'insider' book which details the history of a very low profile field of art activity that has expanded dramatically since its inception in the mid-fifties. It's a mammoth effort by a librarian dedicated to the field, if not to accuracy in the reporting of his findings. His three introductory essays, that cover this activity from 1955 on, is long on established academic mal bias, and COMPLETELY OMITTS any mention of my substantial contributions to the field from 1974-1980; ie. 6 issues of *VILE magazine* and untimely editions of the *Banana Rag*. However, if you want a fairly extensive view of the activity...sans Banana, don't miss it!

The third of my 'read-a-bit-at-a-time' books, is another anthology, *Performance art in Canada 1970-*

1991. Prepared by Alain-Martin Richard and Clive Robertson through Editions Intervention in Quebec city, this bilingual, 395 page whooper is hot off the press from Toronto's Coach House Press. A large format book, it features a chronology of events from 1970 on, full page photos, and essays by some of Canada's more prominent practitioners and critics. I haven't had it long enough to comment, other than to say, it's another monumental work. Available through the Western Front.

The other side of the spectrum comes from the periodicals to which I subscribe. These provide social commentary from both serious and irrelevant viewpoints; *Mother Jones* magazine offers the serious commentary on world affairs, and a really down-home scrutiny of life in America. To balance this perspective, I enjoy both Paul Krassner's *Realist* newsletter and Reinhold Aman's *Maledicta* monthly. Krassner continues his assault on political life in America with proofs such as "Bush's letter to Hussein" and "The True Story of how Columbus Discovered America" (he was sponsored by the Mafia, who in their own egoless fashion professed Queen Isabella to get the credit, while they continue to get the cash). Meanwhile, editor Aman, A.K.A. Uncle Mal, monitors world media for "bad language," jokes, slurs, crudity, stupidity and the like for his substantial, sometimes annual journal, *Maledicta*.

For those more inclined to literature, Vancouver's recent *Geist*, edited by Stephen Osborne, has proved to be an ongoing treat. With it's share of tongue in cheek, *Geist* presents a variety of short contemporary writings that so far, have captured my interest no matter how mundane the subject may seem. Items such as Greg Snider's "Garage" or Caroline Woodward's "Farm Shift." With 5 issues per year, it's a cover-to-cover read for me, and I like to support a local effort with a subscription (sample copy 4 bucks, \$100-1052 Homer St. Judith).



From Counter-Culture to Sub Culture

by M. Julian Killam

So heavy metal pukeheads are concerned about Sex, Drugs, and Rock'n'Roll. Why is it then, that Rock'n'Roll is the most important one?

Anyway, I've been part of the Punk/New Wave/Alternative/Progressive "scene" for longer than I can recall (Which comes to anything more than two months or thereabouts).

I've seen innovators turn into musical dinosaurs like the Rolling Stones and I've seen innovators release an EP and promptly disband.

I'm no authority. I've got the shittiest taste in music. Well, I don't actually know that for sure, BUT, every time I introduce someone to new music they listen attentively only, whilst I'm watching their reaction, but when I leave the room, they shut it off.

Anyhow. There was once a time when alternative music was exclusive. Though of obvious significance, it was once the sole property of disenchanted, white, middle and lower class youths.

As a matter of course, it happened to be a British invention. Not surprising though. North America doesn't create new music. Every "American" type of music is just another evolutionary step in someone else's music. Rock'n'Roll is just a white-bread version of the blues which could be punched with jazz which in turn is just African slaves' gospel music with a heavy dosage of hormones.

Even that country shit that Americans are so proud of as their own is someone else's. Along with square-dancing, it's just like any British/Scottish/Irish jig and reel with a couple hundred years of isolated growth.

Y'know, I wouldn't be surprised if all music, as we know, it evolved from a waltz written by some few, living in the Teutonic region of Europe.

O shit! What was I talking about? I'm rambling on, eh? I've been told by a lot of people that when I write I tend to ramble and lack continuity. So what? This ain't the fuckin' New York Times.

Anyway, it seems as if the whole "punk" movement can be traced back to the Sex Pistols and the Clash. Sure there were other influential bands but if your gonna be a nitpick, Jack Kerouac remembers seeing "the bearded, laconic sage...and his girlfriend who says nothing and wears black" way back in 1944. And if you deny that the Beatniks held similar musical attitudes to the sombre, black-becked Gothics of to-day then you must be abysmally ignorant or simply just a big git. Ranging from politics to religion to fashion, their disdain is practically indistinguishable.

Now I'm not suggesting that the Pistols held a lock on political commentary. If you can get past Chaucer's scatological fascination, you'll find more politics than you could shake a tallywacker at. I'm sure that someone before the 1300's also attacked the dirty fuckers in control, but they didn't write it down.

But punk of the late 70's was truly revolutionary in that it held no reverence at all for such institutions as the Queen + the Church. Nor did they seem to hold sanitation in any high esteem either, so go figure.

Remember, we are talking ancient history here. Really. Robert Smith wasn't fat yet. So what bearing does it have on what we're hearing to-day?



Well, attitudes and such haven't changed. Alternative music is still counter-culture. I.e values in the music are not the status quo for the rest of society. Must be. The Earth hasn't been utterly decimated yet.

But these attitudes must be fairly influential. I know they won't touch the Postwar Baby-Boomers (too fucking isolated in their memories of seemingly influential youth). And the same attitudes are a tad bit much for Baby-Boomers who've only just become accomplished with the English language. So they must be important to the people in the 25-odd year gap in between.

And damned if those attitudes aren't prevalent. I remember, a few years back, I was loathed + feared as being a misfit + a malcontent + so on. Now the all those lost people of our generation are starting to appreciate the ideas put forth in the music. Hmmm.

So what has this done to the musical movement that started with the pistols et al? Well, there's a lot more people out there now listening to the stuff. How else did Coast 800 get on the air and become even moderately successful?

It used to be there were two types of stations to hear alternative music played on: your local college radio for your local music, and CBC radio, after 11pm, for national music. Oh, I guess I should add that MuchMusic plays alternative videos too. But who want to sit at home on Friday night to watch videos by bands that are so "safe" that a record company will sponsor a video?

I suspect the CBC will stay with the same format as long as bands are still producing the



same type of music but the others I'm not so sure about. MuchMusic is hardly a shining example of open-minded adventurism. They've banned more decent videos than I dare consider (But, the French sister station, MusiquePlus, is not at all squeamish about Mit-soo flashing her tit. Maybe Moses Znaimer, producer at MM, could go on record for having the tightest asshole in existence.).

Even college radio, long the stalwart protector of musical deviation, has started going commercial. Along the Easter Seaboard in the States, college radio is becoming commercial. They aren't yet handing out cash prizes or sending guys in minivans to the beach (what are alternative people doing out in the sun let alone basking on the beach?) but they're getting there.

So, if the radio stations are becoming more commercial, then the music will become more commercial so it will get played. And it already has.

Have you been subjected to Consolidated yet? Potentially the most politically-correct pieces of shit in the alternative music scene. Sure they're aware of the socio-political aspects of to-day's world but the edge is just not there. Face it, the Dead Kennedy's they're not.

So even the progressive tunes are not radio-friendly. Is this what caused the sudden appearance of so many thousands of poseurs? I suspect it is. No one would touch Siouxsie & the Banshees when they looked like botched gene-splicing experiments. But now, since she looks like your average Mid-western housewife, she's a hot ticket.

And I fear this. By my nature I am an elitist (The deranged product of a British background where class distinction still counts).

Why shouldn't I fear this? It's all well and good that bands that deserve recognition are now getting it but it's like my favorite cafe; it was my special wee nook in the Hellish Kitchen of Life. When they added three more stools I was devastated. Now there are tourists coming in.

Plus I have seen what happens when a "new" musical movement becomes popular. Think about it. Look at rap music.

When it first reached beyond the inner-cities, it was thought of as the first stage in an uprising by the Black people. Then Grandmaster Flash and his ilk got onto MTV. And the establishment got a hold of them. And it began the likes of M.C. Hammer and Vanilla Ice. What started out as a counter-culture has become yet another sub-culture of greater Western culture.

Imagine, if you will, Sid Vicious surviving long enough to do an endorsement for Pepsi. Can you imagine alternative music lasting a year longer?

I don't want to suffer that fate. I revel in the distinction that my music allows me. Fashion changes. Morality changes. But music is impervious to the seasonal variance of the others. Alternative music is about looking forward: looking for something different. If all music suddenly becomes new, unusual + distinct, there won't be any mainstream music left to hate.

So I'm not going to embrace these pukers who "discovered" *Darcebe Mode* in the late 80's. Go back to your Top 40 soon. When's Bruce Springsteen releasing his next album?

Souffle a' Sarcophage
by Ahasiw Kitocigan Maskegon-Iskwew
(Donald Ghoskeeper)

Intensive repetition or chanting of a word will cause its meaning to alter and shift
/ Filth / Filthy / Filthy ones / Also, when cojoined as a universal adjective or ad-
verb, it will cease to be of any effect / Filthy love / Filthy hate / Filthy joy / Filthy
fear / Filthy rage / Filthy thoughts / Filthy memories / Filthy acts / Filthy deaths

Filth / Filth / Filth / Filth / Filth / Filth / Filth /

In isolation from all others, mirroring only itself,
its meaning is empty, its power lost, its dangerous abilities
rendered impotent / however, the vacuum thus created begins to suck away all
other meaning and significance / once incited, the consumption proceeds unstopp-
ably, in geometric progression, dissolving great patches of infinitude and potenti-
ality

The body of my mother, Marguerite, implodes. Pressure from the eyes of the grieving
children and the weight of the hot, still air squeeze the skin down between her ribs
and tighten it around her bones. Each breath, her mouth gaping and dried, escapes
more fully; enters less. The stump of her leg lies withered beside her uncovered sex -
stretched tightly over the jutting ridges of her pelvis. All the light of the room is de-
voured by the hungry eyes of the children. Hers, fixed, empty, half-open, gasp at the dark-
ness as it pours in, filling her. The long waiting leading to these massive, corroding seconds is
almost over, the one leading away almost begun. Her last breaths are exhaled directly into the distant
mouths of the children. Their organs writhe, seeking to break their frozen bodies into motion that will not
come. Movement is hardly possible under the great weight of this waiting.

Sunday Morning

He stared into the mirror. The bathroom was steamy, but he could still make out the
details of his form. He stood, afixed by his own gaze for some time, sliding his hand
over and over the cold condensation on the bottle of Jaszbereni Rizing that rested,
half-consumed, on the counter.

He was afraid to look at the reflection of his pubic hair, or to contemplate the vaginal
juices encrusted upon them. He was afraid of the violence within him, his dependen-
cies, his lack of motivation, and most of all, the Truth. The bottle suddenly pressed to
his lips and a cool, harsh sensation flowed across his palate, down through his chest,
and landed with a satisfactory thud in the bottom of his belly.

"If Christ were here, I'd show him a fucking thing or two!"

The straight razor was there on the counter, as it always was. With a quick flip, it was
open and resting against the wrinkled skin of his scrotum. He contemplated the
strength of his resolve.

He watched his iris widen, then the twitch of his shoulder that started a chain reaction
down his arm and through to his fingers until the tip of the blade pierced the dermis
above the left testicle. He paused while a small, warm trickle accumulated down the
inside of his thigh. Then, with only the slightest pressure he twisted his wrist. The
trickle became a cascade, and a tiny twoplip resounded against the tile.

He smiled, a man in control of his own destiny.

(Peter O'Neill)

Life.

The beloved soul where the
sun may,

Behold a sunny ray for a
brighter day.

Within the depths of the
earth,

Mother nature beats a drum
for the

One who may always run.
In the sky may lie a single
white,

Cloud which will sing out
loud

For the cheering crowd.
The moist ground will sound
the birth,

Of the seeds below the
beloved earth.

The life that roams it's free
land stand,

Tall, and so very grand.
Danger may stalk, but does
not over power

The so very few reasons of
birth,

The test for a new example,
may only be

A minute sample of the
freeing race,

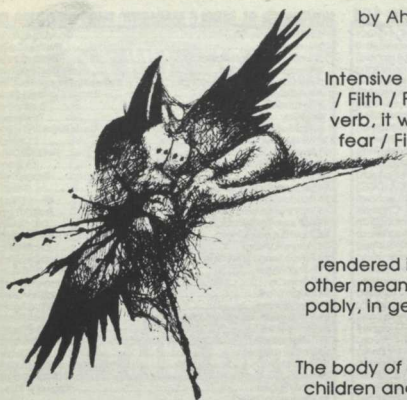
And a happy fate.
Let green always be green,
and save

The earth we live on for the
new

Life beyond.

(Melissa Anne Nelson)

NOVEMBER 35



THE
HIZOW
live in my sleeping bag
knowing that just outside the tent walls
a creature shudders

He can smell my blood
and he hungers for it
He wants to sink his teeth
into my tender flesh, just hear
my
breath
COUGH
(Camera is a large part of enjoying your food)

Humans are a bit messy
To pick out of the teeth
I can't stand the agony of waiting
I want to be over with, right now
PAIN
and
PLEASURE
But I fall in my sleeping bag
On this moonlit night
Polly says ONMYBODY
I can't stand the agony of waiting
I want to be over with, right now
Don't Sex Goddess Please Love Me

Destiny: Jealous Heaven

A hundred years within this allotted lifespan
What a sheer hatred between the fate and gift of
man

Mulberries now grow where once rolled the sea
People are sick at heart with things they see

The law of counterpoise is not so strange
Jealous heaven of wrongs rosy cheeks for revenge

she looked dignified, no challenge knowing:
A moon shaped face with brows in nice drawing

A flowering smile, a voice sounding like jade
A skin excelling snow, hair the stallion shade

Her grace is especially deep and keen
Her eyes recalled all fall streams, her brows spring
hill

Too flowers on willows as well envied her hue
Her glance, repeated could shake towns, even a state

Her gift is quite pureless, her charm so great
Being graced by heaven with natural wit.

"Cruel fate" a chosen creation of hers,
So sad it could move people to tears

For such a bright lady with such a dull fate
A glittering life down at such beaten rate

Why does she meet me, who went past me?
Could there be any link for life at last?

Her bosom of hundreds of riddles so full
She poured a nice lyric fourth from her soul.

Melissa Anne Nelson



CHAR'S

DJ FAVOURITE ALL SORTS

Mindy's Top Ten Advertising Slogans (Someday am/pm)

- 1 Mother nature's gas station.
- 2 A vote for the Liberal Party is a vote for the NDP.
- 3 Well change our sex before we change our music.
- 4 Madonna.
- 5 I'm anything.
- 6 I've taken and I can't get up.
- 7 You're really gonna love it when you pop it in your mouth.
- 8 I just had a hippopotamus for lunch.
- 9 Billy Wabli. I'm for kids.
- 10 Canada's first non-smoking club.

The Max Thrust Show (Thursdays 8:15-10:00am)

- 1 The Doves Affinity "Wouldn't know you from the rear"
- 2 John Lee Hooker Mr. Lucky "I Wanna Hug You"
- 3 Solon and Adam Harlem Blues "Sweet Home Chicago"
- 4 Bob Geldof "Vegetarians of Love - The Great Song of Indifference"
- 5 Spirit of the West Go Figure "Goodbye Garage"
- 6 Anger Meats Not Human Anymore "7 EP"
- 7 Abbey Lincoln "The World is Falling Down - The World is Falling"
- 8 Innocence Mission Umbrella "Beginning This World"
- 9 Odds Front Line Assembly Neoplaton "Truth or Dare"
- 10 Divinyls The Essential Divinyls "Back to the Wall"

Jiggle Top Ten Foods For Kids (Wednesdays 7:00-9:00pm)

- 1 Louie Sees My Baby
- 2 Leonardo's Macaroni (add processed cheese for a kick)
- 3 Pancakes, anytime, anywhere
- 4 Ding Dong (aka King Don, why?)
- 5 Baked chocolate cream pie (under \$2.00 at Safeway)
- 6 Muffy burgers
- 7 Fruit Punch Surprises
- 8 Generic Pasta and Beans
- 9 Goya's fresh baked bread
- 10 Big Red Cream Soda

Master DJ Tom-EZ's Top 10 (Thursdays 11:00am-1:30pm)

- 1 Public Enemy/Aniwar Bring The Noise
- 2 Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young Sully Blue Blue Eyes
- 3 Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop Horns Bazaar
- 4 Jone's Addiction Stop
- 5 Buffalo Suffers Hurdy Gurdy Man
- 6 Sonny Rollins Hold 'Em Joe
- 7 Public Enemy Fight The Power
- 8 R.E.M. It's Your Life
- 9 Shuffie Demons The Puker
- 10 Neil Young Don't Let It Bring You Down

Melanoma Carcinogen: Everything Causes Cancer (Fridays 1:15-2:30pm)

- 1 Bushara Musical Crossroads of Asia (Smithsonian Folkways)
- 2 Classic Swede Sweden Toilets (Bangs) (Crane Disc)
- 3 Death Ray Canine Built on Good and Right (Disc)
- 4 Genkuba Onlines Forward Command Post 7 EP (Public Bath)
- 5 Men 2nd Plato's Highway (Crane Disc)
- 6 Seligman Chok Nekonotomik (MTM Vol. 29)
- 7 PGR/Merzbow/Amus/Telchones Grov (Grov Entertainment)
- 8 Ranking Ann A Slice of English Toot (Rise Above)
- 9 Miladaro Castileum Hensell (Festival-Green Linnet)
- 10 Poole Noie Tabula Rasa (Antler+Subway)

NOVEMBER 91 LOOOONG GROOVES 101

- 1 Nivona Nevermind (MCA+DGC)
- 2 Sebadoh III (Homestead)
- 3 Nation of Ulysses 13-Point Program to Destroy America (Decca)
- 4 Gas Huffer Jamfests of Tomorrow (Empire)
- 5 Soundgarden Badmotorfinger (A&M)
- 6 The Poles Pompeii La Morte (PolyGram+AD)
- 7 Public Enemy Apocalyptic 91 (Sony+DeJarn+Ruh)
- 8 Swervedriver Blood Sugar Sex Magik (Warner)
- 9 Red Hot Chili Peppers Scorpion (Geffen)
- 10 The Walkabouts Scorpions (SubPop)
- 11 The Young Gods Play Kurt Weill (Caroline+Play It Again/Sony)
- 12 Corin Brock Crawl (Epitaph)
- 13 Pennywise Pennywise (Epitaph)
- 14 Circle C Circle C (MCA+DGC)
- 15 Fugazi Steady Diet of Nothing (Dechord)
- 16 Sons of Freedom Gump (MCA+Chrysalis)
- 17 Big Dilla or Soli88 Temporis (Musica Mundi Magnifica)
- 18 Circle C Circle C (MCA+DGC)
- 19 Saracoth Marquis Little Brother (Eyecon Industries)
- 20 Queen Latifah Nature of a Sista (Tommy Boy)
- 21 Various Artists The Big One: City of L.A. Power (Hipodisc)
- 22 Celtic Blue Angels in Denial (Cruz)
- 23 The Vandals Fear of a Punk Planet (SRO+Triple X)
- 24 Lock People Boogazm (A&M+Hypnotic)
- 25 Billigig No Apologies (Carnegie)
- 26 Echobrain Quilting More Real (Pastor+Vigilant)
- 27 Billy Childish I Am the Billy Childish (SubPop)
- 28 MC Lyte A.L.I.E. (Alternative Tentacles)
- 29 Les Thugs I.A.U.I.F. (Alternative Tentacles)
- 30 Circle C Circle C (MCA+DGC)
- 31 Billy Bragg Try That! (PolyGram)
- 32 Fudge Tunnel Hate Songs in E Minor (Relativity+Earache)
- 33 S.N.F. The Last of the Big Time Suspenders (Congo)
- 34 Various Artists History of Violence (Various)
- 35 Dan Ich Die Propheten (Dance Macabre)
- 36 Naught by Nature Naught by Nature (Tommy Boy)
- 37 Monster Magnet Spine of God (Caroline+Philo/Sony)
- 38 Chemical People Angels in Denial (Cruz)
- 39 Hole Pretty on the Inside (Caroline)
- 40 Die Warzone Big Electric Metal Bass Face (Atlantic)
- 41 Nana Mouskouri Only Love (PolyGram)
- 42 Sin Yard 1000 Smiling Knuckles (Cruz)
- 43 Napalm Death Death by Manipulation (Relativity+Earache)
- 44 Weard Paul Hi Fidelity, Hi Anarchy (Homestead)
- 45 Queen Mother Rage Vangelous Love (Cordoba+Black Watch)
- 46 M9 Too Cool for School (Sire)
- 47 Alice Donut Revenge Fantasies of the Impotent (All Tentacles)
- 48 La Muerte Kustom Kar Kampell (Caroline+Play It Again/Sony)
- 49 Don't Mac Maye Real Good Life (D. Dream)
- 50 Cypress Hill Cy (Sony+Ruff Ryxx)
- 51 Mel Tormé & George Shearing "Do" WWI (PolyGram+Concord)
- 52 Volok Angel Red (Mechanic)
- 53 H.E.A.L. Missionary (Real Gone/Bar None)
- 54 H.E.A.L. Civilization Vs. Technology (Wax Trax)
- 55 Thin White Rope The Ruby Sex (BMG+Frontier)
- 56 Peter Erikson You're Gonna Miss Me (Real Gone)
- 57 Mogwai Cursed (Impetite+Century Media)
- 58 Front Line Assembly Vite (Chion Records)
- 59 The Orb... Adventures Beyond the Ultraviolet (A&M+Wax Trax)
- 60 Foster Children Flower Power (Frontier)
- 61 John Lee Hooker Mr. Lucky (Warner+Atlantic)
- 62 PGR/Merzbow/Amus/Telchones Grov (Grov Entertainment)
- 63 Agent Orange Real Live Sound (Real Gone)
- 64 Various Artists Gospel Celebration (Spinner+K-Tel)
- 65 Spinout Spinout (Delicious Vinyl)
- 66 Foster Children Dolly Churn Reaction (Wax Trax)
- 67 Cabaret Voltaire Colours (Warner+Mute)
- 68 The Odds Neoplaton (BMG+Zoo)
- 69 Tony Alti Newer Old Story (Disc)
- 70 God's Little Monkeys Lip (A&M)
- 71 Ranking Ann A Slice of English Toot (Rise Above)
- 72 The Zeros 4-3-2-1... The Zeros (Real Gone)
- 73 Mischakowski Castleum Hensell (Festival-Green Linnet)
- 74 State of Mind The Road Inside (Grove of Mind)
- 75 Solon and Adam Harlem Blues (Flying Fish)
- 76 Unleashed Where No Life Dwells (Century Media)
- 77 A Tribe Called Quest The Low End Theory (Grove of Mind)
- 78 Scientists The Low End Theory (Grove of Mind)
- 79 Classic Swede Sweden Toilets (Bangs) (Crane Disc)
- 80 Stockholm Swede Toilets (Bangs) (Crane Disc)
- 81 Strawberry Zots Love Operation (Continuum)
- 82 J. J. Cale What Makes a Good Band (Real Gone)
- 83 Various Artists Various Artists (Various)
- 84 Poole Noie Tabula Rasa (Antler+Subway)
- 85 Johnny Heartman The Touch (Warner+Atlantic)
- 86 Crumbrobes Colours (Warner+Mute)
- 87 The Wenzels Right in the Dark (Capitol+RS)
- 88 PGR/Merzbow/Amus/Telchones Grov (Grov Entertainment)
- 89 Various Artists The Commitments (MCA)
- 90 Death Ray Cafe Built on Good and Right (Disc)
- 91 The Wenzels Gobbledygook (Warner+Atlantic)
- 92 PGR/Merzbow/Amus/Telchones Grov (Grov Entertainment)
- 93 Lennie Brock Satisfaction Guaranteed (Warner+Atlantic)
- 94 Urban Dance Squad... Life's Perspectives of a Genuine... (BMG+Arista)
- 95 Bill Thower War Master (Sony+Carache)
- 96 Grov Into the Grov (Caroline)
- 97 Texas Tornados Zone of Our Own (Warner+Reprise)
- 98 Various Artists Various Artists (Various)
- 99 Various Artists The Third Party (Various)
- 100 Jay C The Don't Get Wicked (Capitol+RS)
- 101 Sayer Live: Decade of Aggression (Del American)
- 102 Various Artists CAP Records Compilation (CAP)
- 103 41 Gone The Sph (BMG+Oceano+Orion)
- 104 Crime San Francisco's Doomed (Solaris)

NOVEMBER 91 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTY CLOTHES 50

- 1 Indecent Good Intentions
- 2 Sweetest The Real Thing
- 3 Jimmy Ray 15 Star-Bites Midnight Bole
- 4 Show Business Gospel Let's Get Together
- 5 Total Experience Gospel Choir Sweeping Through the City
- 6 Surf Riders Headlines
- 7 Perfume Tree Dreaming
- 8 Go-Guy The Room
- 9 Jack Foe Fine Uncle Eugene's Trailor
- 10 10th Avenue Hold Yer Own
- 11 Sweetest The Real Thing
- 12 Wheat Chiefs Redeem
- 13 Temor! Shouts Out
- 14 Hus Hus Mordred Mordred
- 15 Random Killing Ritual Killing
- 16 Dr. Shiny Forehead Bratiny Thing
- 17 Kathleen Yearwood O Canada
- 18 Show Business Gospel World's Too Good
- 19 Picture Paintings Cholesterol
- 20 Slave Tango Ensemble Who's Dead Inside?
- 21 Funcoface While My Dog Gently Weeps
- 22 Purple City Lavender Jane
- 23 Evaporates Vampire Blues
- 24 Crazy Fingers Good to See You Again
- 25 Monica Schaefer & Her Hungry Band Blues for Anne Marie
- 26 10th Avenue Hold Yer Own Death in Pinetone
- 27 Perfume Tree I'll Chase
- 28 Mother Tongue Hallucination Generation
- 29 The 14th Winy Rowlett (Relativity+Earache)
- 30 Crazy Fingers King Louis Blues
- 31 Minutale on Speed Lying
- 32 God's Mom Really Cheap
- 33 Vancouver Back & Back Volume 4 (V.C.G.) I Feel Tall
- 34 Red Hair Bacon and Bread
- 35 Waylatch Star of County Down
- 36 Steve Headrick Call Me a Sinner
- 37 Unseen Ships Do Tell
- 38 Hoofnapper Releapse
- 39 Planet of Spiders She's My Girl
- 40 Jerome Travelling Light
- 41 Hitting Birth Love Me
- 42 Kias Kias Bang Stray Kids
- 43 Sand Doors 66 Valiant on the Haunted Highway
- 44 Blon Bonet Rap Slacks
- 45 Tomatoes Elapette I Want You (Hypnotic)
- 46 Car's Game The Sniper
- 47 Garden of Earthly Delights Wildflower
- 48 The Sun Running Free
- 49 Cy (Sony+Ruff Ryxx) Revolution X

NOVEMBER 91 SHORT GROOVES 50

- 1 Windward/Tanking... A Mint is a Terrible Thing to Taste Split 7" (Mint)
- 2 25th Anniversary... The Most Popular Man in the World 7" (Mint)
- 3 Superunder/Resolution Split 7" (Mint)
- 4 Undercurrents Junk 7" (Overkill)
- 5 Various Artists Slobs Volume 1: Four Victrola Bands (Way Out)
- 6 Various Artists Not Human Anymore 7" (EP)
- 7 Crackerbath Holiday 7" (EP)
- 8 Electric Forests 2-3-4-7" (Dionysus)
- 9 The Morals Disintegration 7" (EP)
- 10 Various Artists Ravey Jack World 12" (EP)
- 11 11th Crew "Pop That Coochie" 12" (Atlantic+Lute)
- 12 El Vez The Mexican Elvis 7" (Sympathy for the Record Industry)
- 13 Lung Psychopomodelia 7" (Gardich)
- 14 Vagron Reich 7" (Hardline)
- 15 Black Angel Death Song Nothing Equals Nothing 7" (Dionysus)
- 16 D-Nice 25 to Life 12" (Sony+DeJarn)
- 17 Fish & Roses Tardis Record 7" (A&M)
- 18 Javier & The Strippers The Other Guy 12" (Cobra)
- 19 Mudvich 3-song 7" (EP)
- 20 Statement Prepare for Battle 7" (EP)
- 21 Oswald Five-O "A Love Supreme" Crossover 7" (Imp)
- 22 Monon Meats Room 7" (Imp)
- 23 D.C. Bagdas You're So Pretty But You Make Me Sick 7" (Rothhouse)
- 24 Various Artists 4-song 7" (EP)
- 25 Perfect... Game of Thrones 7" (Dionysus)
- 26 Various Artists Love Plumber 7" (A&M)
- 27 Hypnotic Wheel "Now" / "KMG-365" 7" (Carache)
- 28 Shadow Men/Change of Heart Split 7" (Alco)
- 29 Curves Frozen Cold 5" (Vigilant)
- 30 The Great The Kingdom of James 7" (Vigilant)
- 31 Ignatius "Sweetest" / "Mr. Gauge" 7" (Glenca)
- 32 Treepeople House of Large Sizes Split 7" (Toxic Shock)
- 33 Stereo MC's Lost in Music 12" (4th & Broadway)
- 34 U.S. "February Fourteenth" / "Three Days in the City" 7" (Vigilant)
- 35 Dream Wankers Follow Me Not 12" (4th & Broadway)
- 36 Dream Wankers Forward Command Post 7" (Public Bath)
- 37 Just Say No "Blackie" / "Faded the Test" 7" (Arista)
- 38 Various Artists "Blackie" / "Faded the Test" 7" (Arista)
- 39 Paper Tapes 3-song 7" (EP)
- 40 Los Bichos "White Heat" 7" (Orkuta)
- 41 Radical Scientists "White Heat" 7" (Orkuta)
- 42 Various Artists "White Heat" 7" (Orkuta)
- 43 Punhug "Ullio" 7" (Doves Productions)
- 44 The Chopp "Story of My Life" 7" (Whispering Pandas)
- 45 Wee Wee "Headache" / "Backstage" 7" (Gardich)
- 46 Various Artists "Headache" / "Backstage" 7" (Gardich)
- 47 Captain Condoms Kinda Cool 7" (EP)
- 48 Hell Bells "Dragnet Girl" 7" (Dionysus)
- 49 Dione Voice of Reason 7" (Vigilant)
- 50 Road Words of War 7" (EP)

ManWoman: A 30 Year Retrospective



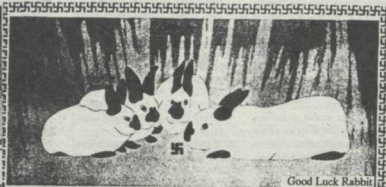
Hope Soap



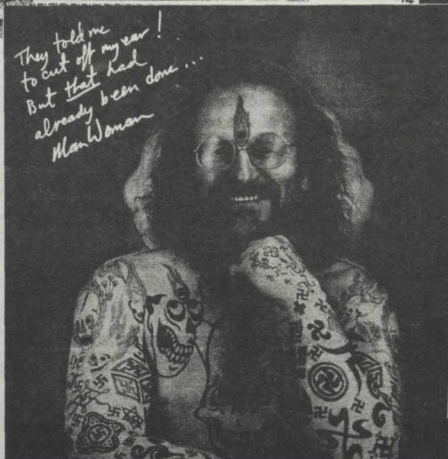
Dangerous Blonde



God Shoes



Good Luck Rabbit



Art director: Ivan The Cat

Photo: Brian Clarkson

For ManWoman the Swastika symbolizes the creative principle. He is not associated with Nazis, White-supremacists or Skin-heads.



Moodonna and Child



Truthpaste



Happiness Brush



Holy Baby

source of so much energetic production—the inner impetus for these outer cultural artifacts.

For someone with no prior knowledge of the work and life of ManWoman, viewing his art production of the past 30 years must be akin to crossing a border into an exotic, unknown territory. The traveller would then begin to discover a highly developed system of customs and rituals and a sophisticated language in operation which hint at the rich and imaginative source. The starting point for such an investigation would also be readily perceived—the common emotional ground of passion, energy, and joy.

An extensive exhibition of works from the past thirty years tracing the career of one of Canada's most prolific and controversial contemporary artists will start with an opening reception

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 29, at 8:00.

MANWOMAN: "DIVINE MADMAN: A 30 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE" at SMASH GALLERY of MODERN ART 160 CORDOVA ST. WEST 662-7200

photos courtesy of Smash Gallery text taken from "The Iconography of ManWoman" An Essay by Sandra Tivy

God is my Foundation
FOR A SHAPELIER YOU!



God is My Foundation

Listen to ManWoman for only a little while and you realize that he is quite serious about his beliefs...and quite sincere...Meet him and you can't help but be touched by his joy. It literally reaches out to you. (Catherine Carson, 1974)

ManWoman was born Pat Kembal in 1938 in Cranbrook, B.C. and was raised a Catholic. He returned to his hometown in 1975 and works out of a studio behind Kembal's Fine Diamonds, his family's jewellery store, to this day.

A brush with death and a number of out

of body experiences led to a desire to dedicate his life to a more important pursuit, which, in his mind, meant the choice of Art as a career. ManWoman's impressive body of work can be approached, rather, by starting from the point of view of the personal context of the artist himself—the mysterious



Spirit of the West

WORLD TOUR '91

go figure

special guest SYD STRAW

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 7

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 8



Tickets available at ~~XXXXXX~~, Zulu, Black Swan,
Track and Highlife Records.

COMMODORE BALLROOM

ZULU records

OPEN Monday to Wednesday 10:30 - 7:00
Thursday and Friday 10:30 - 9:00
Saturday 10:30 - 6:30
Sunday 12:00 - 6:00

1869 W 4th Avenue, Vancouver, BC
604-738-3232



BUZZCOCKS ARE COMING!

The rumours are true!

These legendary native sons of Manchester will be in town for their first ever Vancouver performance November 26th at the Commodore Ballroom. Pick up your tickets early at Zulu.

In Person at ZULU!

This long-overdue event will be preceded by the only thing that could possibly be better — an opportunity to meet the Buzzcocks at ZULU! Mark your calendar and be at Zulu November 26 between 4:30 and 5:00pm.



Buzzcocks

• operators manual
A collection of 25 of their best. This is the essential compilation that we've all been waiting for. From '77 to '80 in one brilliant package.

NEW
14.98cd
9.98cass

Also On Sale

10.98cd (EP)

Alive Tonight EP

Buzzcocks 1991 release - a four-song CD EP.
Their triumphant return to the recording studio.
Import

New Releases On Sale at ZULU • Nov 1-30

16.98cd / 10.98cass

LFO • Frequencies

LFO stands for Low Frequency Oscillation which, as the warning sticker on the cover indicates, means "Beware of Bass!" This release joins KLF, The Orb, and Gary Clail as one of the top club raves of '91. Import

12.98cd / 8.98cass

No Means No • 0+2=1

Following the recent re-issue of "Sex Mad" and the release of their "Live and Cuddly" album, No Means No add to their 1991 catalogue with an ALL NEW STUDIO ALBUM! Available in early November.

11.98cd / 8.98cass

Dinosaur Jr. • Whatever's Cool With Me

An 8-song release, featuring their latest single and, lo and behold, 2 tracks recorded in Vancouver earlier this year. Snap it up! Import



14.98cd / 9.98cass

Dylans • S/T

UK indie chartbusters release their first album after a series of critically acclaimed EPs. Import

14.98cd / 9.98cass

Primal Scream • Screemadelica

A "10 out of 10" from England's New Musical Express and a "greenlight" from Spin Magazine. Includes the EP hits "Loaded", "Come Together" and "Higher Than the Sun".

14.98cd / 9.98cass

My Bloody Valentine • S/T

My Bloody Valentine's emphasis on ambient guitar stylings and ethereal vocals laid the foundation for bands such as Chapterhouse, Ride, Slowdive and many other recent UK acts. Based on their previous album and EPs, this could be one of the best records of the year. Available in early November.



Sister Double Happiness • Heart and Mind

Their first major label release after a stellar SST record debut. Import

Swervedriver • Raise

Yet another exciting UK debut with elements of Dinosaur Jr, Hüsker Du, and My Bloody Valentine. A permanent fixture in our CD deck, hence, a Zulu recommendation!

The Shamen • En-Tact

Big in the clubs in the UK, and now here, their most recent full-length release. Features "Move any Mountain".

Jonathan Richman • Having a Party With ...

Mega party animal — righteous release from Beantown's favorite son. Party on J.R.!

